

*OUR SPECIAL LOVE, SEX & MADNESS ISSUE



KENDALL JENNER GOES SOLO



GOD,
THAT WAS
GOOD, BUT...

WOMEN TELL
US HOW TO GET
BETTER IN BED

WAY FUNNER
THAN AIR GUITAR

ARE YOU READY
FOR SOME AIR SEX?

+

WHY SEX
ADDICTION IS
ON THE RISE

THE BADDEST
BADASS IN
'MAD MAX'

...AND
THE NEXT
RONALDO

WHERE TO
TAKE HER
2015

IT'S ALL ABOUT
GOING SOUTH



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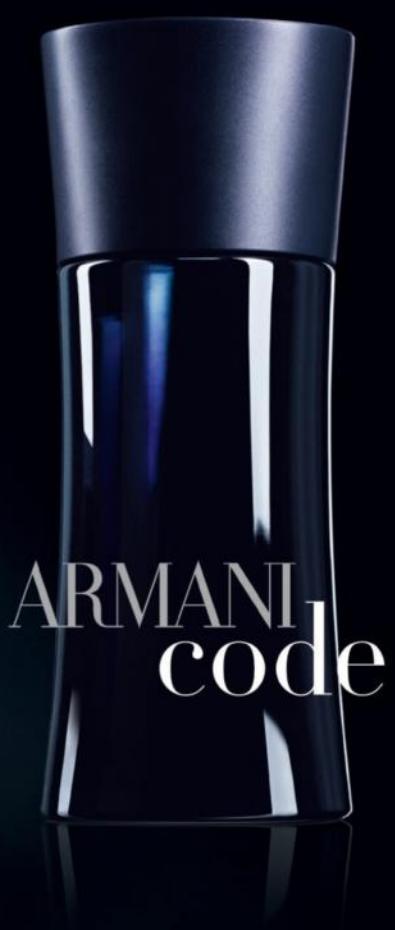
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T-shirt, \$80, by **Todd Snyder**. Pants, \$350, by **Ralph Lauren Purple Label**. Sneakers, \$110, by **Adidas Originals**. Watch by **Cartier**.

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Knock the Stuffy Out

Mad Max co-star Nicholas Hoult shows off summer-ready unconstructed jackets

THE COVER

■ **Steven Klein**

On Kendall Jenner
Bikini, \$252, by **Adriana Degreas**.
Jacket, \$80, by **Calvin Klein Jeans**.
Hair by Akki at Art Partner. Makeup by Kabuki for MAC Cosmetics.
Manicure by Typhaine Kersual using Estée Lauder/Pure Color Nudité.
Set design by Jack Flanagan at The Magnet Agency. Produced by Marie Hu at North Six Paris.
Kendall Jenner for Estee Lauder.

Where to buy it

Where are the items from this page to page 123 available? Go to GQ.com/go/fashiondirectories to find out. All prices quoted are approximate and subject to change.



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INTRODUCING

THE JETMASTER AUTOMATIC

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MICHAEL KORS

A dramatic black and white photograph of Jane Fonda from the 1968 science fiction film "Barbarella". She is lying on her back on a bed of intense, swirling flames. She wears a dark, futuristic outfit consisting of a top with a large metal breastplate and a skirt made of a ribbed, metallic material. Her blonde hair is styled in voluminous waves. She holds a futuristic-looking handgun in her right hand, pointing it towards the left. Her left arm is extended behind her head. The overall mood is one of intense heat, desire, and otherworldly power.

LOVE
SEX &
MADNESS

Meet the Patron Saint of Our Sexiest Issue of the Year

→ The next time we assemble one of those space capsules for aliens to learn about the essentials of human civilization, this **JANE FONDA** photo from the 1968 sci-fi flick *Barbarella* should be placed on top. Why? Because this woman (and images like this one) has stoked the collective fantasies of men for five decades running. And she's still got it! For proof, check out our interview with Jane on page 58. She's still driving us mad.—ERIC SULLIVAN

Art. SPR22R prada.com



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Ethan Hawke
New York, November 2014



Get the GQ Look



LIKE WHAT
YOU SEE
IN THE PAGES
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WEAR IT—
RIGHT AWAY

→ EACH MONTH, the editors of *GQ* will select a series of items from our pages available through our online retail partner, MrPorter.com

→ TO LEARN more—and see what we have chosen for you this month—go to GQ.com/selects

Just a few of our picks from this issue...



Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci polo shirt
p. 100



Levi's shirt. A.P.C. jeans.
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Balmain jacket
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DIOR HOMME COLOGNE



● *The ever expanding GQ universe makes a mark all month long. We've got the most impactful moments, distilled.*

2 Chainz: Even More Expensivest

→ The Atlanta rapper with a taste for life's finer bling is back with a bigger, pricier second season of the hit video series *Most Expensivest Shit*. He tries on \$25,000 Air Jordans with Nick Young, sips a \$100,000 diamond-accented martini with Big Sean, and puffs herb from the largest bowl we've ever seen. View it all at video.gq.com.



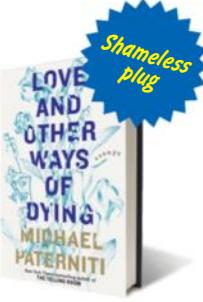
Where GQ Fans and *Fifty Shades of Grey* Fans Overlap

→ Our most popular story online in February concerned rumors that actor Jamie Dornan is not starring in the *Fifty Shades* sequels because his wife doesn't like the sex scenes. Thanks to all you BDSM-lite fans!



Pick Up Love and Other Ways of Dying

→ GQ correspondent Michael Paterniti's collection of stories—including eight from GQ—is out now. Read about a man who saves troubled souls from jumping off a bridge ("The Suicide Catcher") and about a tsunami survivor rescued at sea ("The Man Who Sailed His House"). Buy it!



The Men's Rights Men Strike Back

→ "Are You Man Enough for the Men's Rights Movement?" by Jeff Sharlet (March) caught the ire of Paul Elam and Sage Gerard, two of the story's main subjects. In a rebuttal on his website, A Voice for Men, Elam wrote that the story is "dedicated to shaming men who see something rotten with modern feminism and painting them as the tried-and-true sexual threats in waiting that feminists are always wailing about." Gerard complained on the same site, "GQ, you did a great job of putting words in my mouth and bending context like Silly Putty."



GQ PREFERENCES THAT LETTERS TO THE EDITOR BE SENT TO LETTERS@GQ.COM.
LETTERS MAY BE EDITED.



Is There an Endgame to the Search for Flight 370?

→ Readers took to Reddit for an Ask Me Anything with GQ correspondent Sean Flynn, who wrote "The Vanishing," our March story on the disappearance of MH370 and the yearlong search for it. Many questions focused on conspiracy theories and the logistics of the investigation. Here, two exchanges.

Nstannard: Do you think the Malaysian government has totally flubbed this investigation? Seems like they have been incompetent from day one here.

Sean Flynn: Yes, and that was pretty well confirmed (though not in those words) in the interim report released

March 8. The delay in responding to a missing airliner was fairly inexcusable. Had protocols been followed, the plane might still have wandered off, but we'd know where.

rhythmsilence: What is your personal theory on the incident?

Sean Flynn: I haven't locked onto one, because none of them made complete sense. My best guess—with the caveat that this is mostly through elimination until we get to the least unlikely scenario—is a hijacking that went wrong.

GQ's Shaving Primer: Hurting Men's Faces?

→ Our step-by-step guide "How to Shave Face" (March) caused "quite an uproar in the wet-shaving community," according to the grooming site Tailor & Barber. Its biggest

bones of contention: the Dove Men+Care shave cream we recommended ("I don't want tetrasodium EDTA anywhere near my skin") and the use of a disposable or electric razor over a double-edge razor ("Okay, just no"). Guess we're not that fancy.



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The Mall Suit (We're Serious!)

→ At GQ, we believe in democracy, especially when it comes to fashion. And this moment is maybe the first in American history when you can walk into almost any mall and walk out dressed like a boss—even if you're not one—for a lot less than you'd think. That's because the well-tailored-suiting revolution has hit all the price-is-right staples: J.Crew, sure, but also Zara, Express, Banana Republic, and beyond. As *Silicon Valley* star Thomas Middleditch proves in this all-business pinstriped look by Todd Snyder

White Label (sold at Nordstrom), weekday style doesn't mean going into debt anymore. Interviewing for your dream job? Or your first job? Looking to refresh your closet's suit collection? Want to easily (and cheaply) bring some flair to a snoozy summer day at the office? Turn the page.

—JIM MOORE



Suit, \$845, by Todd Snyder White Label. Shirt, \$70, by Perry Ellis. Tie, \$25, by H&M. Tie bar (throughout), \$15, by The Tie Bar. Shoes, \$125, by Florsheim. Socks, \$10 (three pairs), by Uniqlo. Where to buy it? Go to GQ.com/go/fashiondirectories



We're just as excited as *Silicon Valley*'s Thomas Middleditch that you can now, um, start up your suit collection on a budget.

Affordable
Suits


Now that fast-fashion stores make sharp business gear, Auntie Anne's is only our second-favorite place in the mall



The Starter Kit

Whether you're job hunting, newly hired, or just upgrading your closet, you can use this entire getup, all of which costs—no lie—less than \$400. Yep, everything, from the wear-it-every-day navy blue suit to the shoes, shirt, and tie. It'll help you ace the interview and serve you well long after that.



Suit, \$179, by Zara. Shirt, \$15, by H&M. Tie, \$19, and pocket square, \$10, by The Tie Bar. Shoes, \$125, by Florsheim.

Khaki with a Cause

Let's make this clear: A khaki suit has nothing to do with the drab tan chinos you see on casual Friday. In the right hands (and with a little tailoring), it's a warm-weather style move that makes sense whether you're holding a sleek portfolio or a margarita.
—SAM SCHUBE



Suit, \$286, by Express. Shirt, \$60, by Express 1MX. Tie, \$19, and pocket square, \$10, by The Tie Bar. Loafers, \$195, by Jack Erwin. Portfolio, \$50, by Zara.



Get More Bang for Your Bucks

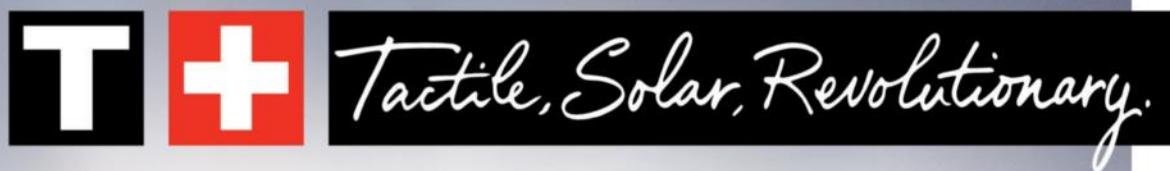
Good news: The cheap-suit movement has trickled down to your feet.



Now, when we say cheap shoes, we mean a hundred bucks. (Anything less and you're likely to have holes in the heels by lunch.) At that price, make sure you stay away from squared-off toes—nothing will destroy a solid office outfit faster. But we highly recommend jumping up to the \$200 mark, where you'll start to see real signs of quality: better leather, Goodyear-welting soles, and hell, even some of-the-moment suede to keep your spring look bang on trend.—S.S.

L > R

Johnston & Murphy \$185 | Jack Erwin \$195 | Stacy Adams \$90
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The Goods

Go Southwest, Young Man

This summer we're taking a break from camo—call it fatigues fatigue—and swapping in trippy Native American-inspired patterns that make getting dressed feel like a vision quest



Scotch & Soda | \$65



J.Crew | \$20 (strap)
Timex for J.Crew | \$98



Pendleton Woolen Mills | \$299

→ Celebrate the return of warm weather—or, in California, drought-ravaged lawns—by snaking the hyperactive patterns, sunset hues, and Native American-inflected style of the Southwest. Right now you can find the look in everything from chukka-sneaker hybrids and turquoise-laced jewelry to M65 jackets and weekend bags. Just don't go overboard. There's a fine line between unexpected style accent and desert-kaleidoscope trend-humping.—MARK ANTHONY GREEN



Polo Ralph Lauren | \$98



Will Leather Goods | \$695



Del Toro | \$400



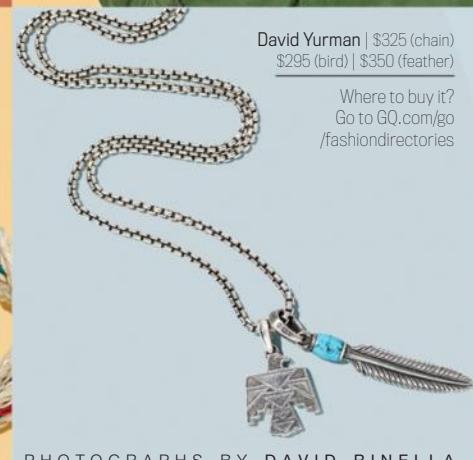
Denim & Supply
Ralph Lauren | \$198



Artisan de Luxe | \$59



Chamula | \$24 (per bracelet)



David Yurman | \$325 (chain)
\$295 (bird) | \$350 (feather)

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M

Project Upgrade > Can't You See You're Wearing the Wrong Glasses?

With a billion companies making quality specs, it's easy to pick the wrong pair. So we helped three real guys find the perfect frames for their faces

1. Tech Specs Get an Upgrade



Brent, start-up branding consultant

• A barely-there wire-rim frame reminds us of the IT guy who mocks you for not building your own router. Brent is techy, but he's more the cooler-than-a-million-dollars type. Hanging some *Mad Men*-era tortoiseshell classics on his face keeps things minimal, like he wanted, and keeps the focus up on his eyes.

Moscot | \$260
moscot.com



2. Square Takes the Circle!



Clay, actor

• "I like statement pieces," Clay told us. Short of a Mr. Peanut monocle, there's no bolder eyewear move than a pair of round frames. But if you've got a boyish face, the shape could make you look like a certain pubescent wizard. Clay's new pair aren't circles, but they are hefty—just right for the type of statement a young, confident actor needs to make.

Persol | \$290
iloristyle.com



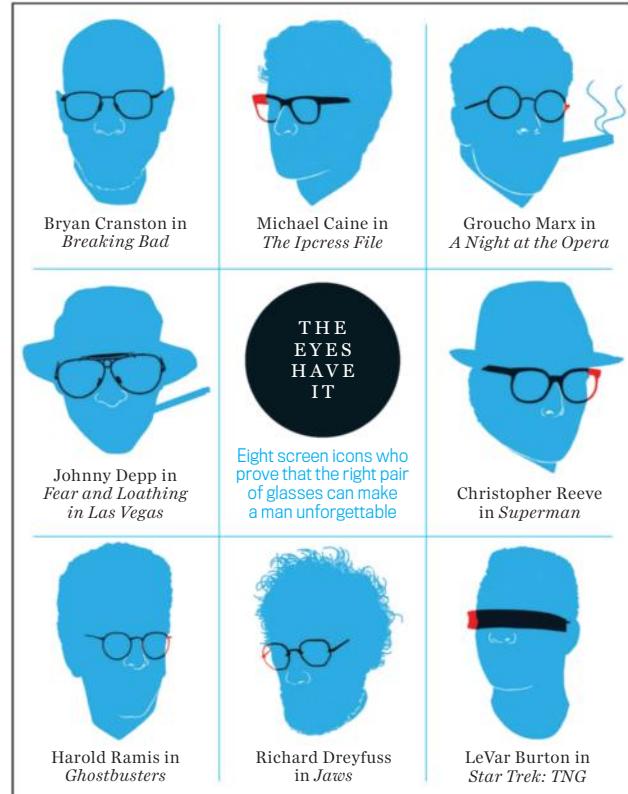
3. Frames That Stand Proud



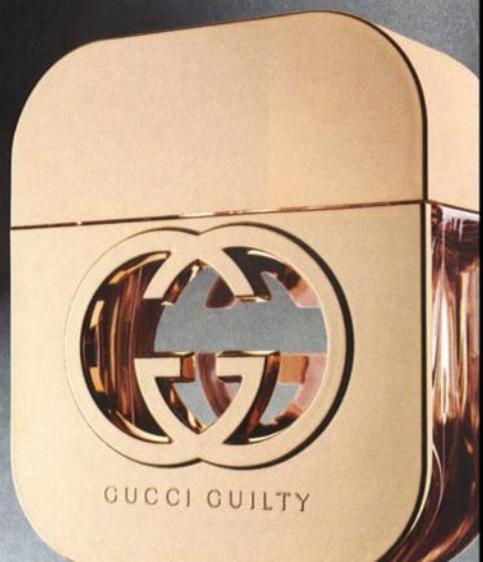
Dustin, metal-design company owner

• Dustin wanted frames that fit his Brooklyn art-meets-metal-shop vibe. But his original glasses just looked insubstantial. Swapping in a pair with more top-to-bottom height nixes the effete-architect effect—and a nose-hugging shape locks them in place while he's slicing steel.—SAM SCHUBE

Randolph Eyewear | \$79
randolphusa.com



GUCCI GUILTY



THE GUILTY FRAGRANCES FOR HIM AND HER

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POUR HOMME

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SPRING + SUMMER 2015

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- When Tom Cruise Was Cool
- Tupac Shakur: The Sophisticated Thug
- How to Bite the Style of Steven Spielberg's 'Jaws'
- The Untouchable Heyday of Michael Jordan
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Tech



We're Projecting the Future...Right onto Your Wall

Admit it: You're tired of staring at that boring black rectangle hanging in your living room. And you suspect that as good as *Game of Thrones* looks at fifty inches, it'd be even better at 200. Here's how to cut one particular cord—your TV's—and take the projector plunge

→ Chances are there's a screen not too far away from you right now. In your pocket. On your desk. On the airline seat in front of you. Maybe even on your wrist. (You're not the first to crush on a shiny new Apple gadget.) So why does your living room, the most relaxing space in your home, need yet another screen staring you down?

It doesn't, not when you can ditch the flat-screen and upgrade to a projector. This isn't just about aesthetics, either. You know that utterly absorbed feeling you get from

a movie theater? Imagine having that in your living room while watching *Game of Thrones* or *Mad Men* or, hell, *Broad City*. As TV shows become more cinematic—and movies easier to stream—give them the respect they deserve by binge-watching on a proper screen. Not sixty-five inches big. *Your-entire-freaking-wall* big.

From a tech-lust-versus-interior-design standpoint, making the move to a projector is a win-win. You get the biggest picture, with no glaring void as a centerpiece. And now that projectors are powerful enough to

use in sunny rooms, you don't have to give up your Sunday game-day habit.

But this is the biggest benefit of living the projector life: It kills the idea of the television as background noise. Which makes it an antidote to the small-screen barrage. Because you're (mostly) in the dark and you have a cinema-size image glowing in front of you, you stop putting around on Facebook and Snapchat and eBay. You can always use the screen that's sitting on your desk at work for that stuff.

—KEVIN SINTUMUANG

READY TO SEE THE LIGHT? THREE STEPS TO PROJECTOR NIRVANA

1 > Choose Your Beamer

- You've got plenty of options at a slew of price points, from the budget InFocus IN126a for \$570 to this \$2,900 Epson Home Cinema 5030UBe (below), which comes with built-in wireless HDMI so you don't have to run wires everywhere.

2 > Mount Up

- You could set your projector on a shelf across the way. But if you want to get fancy, spring for a ceiling mount. TaskRabbit the installation if you're feeling lazy.

3 > Bring the Noise

- You can connect a cable box, but to really cut cords, grab the \$69 Apple TV. It's the easiest way to get HBO Now, the company's just-launched streaming service, which doesn't require a cable subscription.

NEVER HIDE



Style: RB3025



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GENUINE SINCE 1937



→ There is no place on earth that offers more opportunities to make bad choices than Las Vegas. (Okay, maybe the plastic surgeon's office or a hat shop.) Even with food, people tend to go one of two routes when they get hungry here: the low-end buffet or the ridiculous Michelin robo-restaurant. Both are rookie mistakes.

The right way to eat in Vegas? Skip the extremes and go straight to the glorious middle, where this city has always excelled. I'm talking about

the kinds of bright, loud, fun restaurants where you can roll in anytime, easily get a table (because the place is huge), and enjoy a dinner that's just a little bit better than it needs to be. I call it normcore dining, and Las Vegas is its holy mecca.

Most of Vegas's true normavore gems are located in the less neon parts of town, but not all. There are a bunch of noodle bars in the big casinos; the best are **Noodles** in the Bellagio and **Beijing Noodle No. 9** at Caesars. No one

who's Asian thinks any of them are awesome, but they serve their purpose. They feed me, they satisfy me, and I go back to the tables. If I'm in the mood for chicken fingers, which is not unusual, I'll head over to **Mr. Lucky's**, the 24-7 diner at the Hard Rock. Best chicken

fingers anywhere: deep-fried normcore barbecue heroin.

Bund Shanghai is located in a sea of Asian massage parlors on South Decatur. Is this the best Chinese restaurant you've ever been to? No. But it's way better than

Beat the Odds: How to Eat Well in Vegas

The next time you're in Las Vegas, leave the Michelin-grade gastronomes to the conventioneers and the \$75 steaks to the bachelor parties. This is the mecca of the middle! That's why you want what Chef Chang calls normcore cuisine, which never tastes better than it does in Sin City

good enough. The play is to load up on **sheng jian bao**. This is the best kind of dumpling, and they do a great version here, with pillow-y dough, a crunchy bottom, and a meat-bomb center full of delicious soup. Best part: If you tell a local you're going to dinner here, he will think you're fucking insane.

I love **Chang's Hong Kong** for dim sum. You know it's good when it's packed full of Asian whales who've been gambling for three days straight and came directly from the casino to refuel. Chang's is like any dim sum restaurant: The service is remarkably unfriendly, fast, and discourteous. Once you accept that, the place is a normavore's paradise. Get some barbecued-pork pies, flaky and sweet. I always order the salted-shrimp fried rice. And congee with century egg, which is comfort food to me. It only tastes good with fried shallots and soy.

Probably the most famous off-Strip restaurant in Las Vegas is **Lotus of Siam**, which specializes in the cuisine of northern Thailand. Order the food "Thai spicy" and watch them laugh at you as you cry into your very delicious dinner. Do not skip the wine list, which has great bottles of Riesling at good prices.

But my absolute favorite normcore spot in Vegas—one of my favorite places anywhere—is

The Oyster Bar at Palace Station, an off-Strip casino that caters mostly to locals. My friend David Choe, a graffiti artist and Vegas expert, turned me on to the pleasures of the combo pan roast. He taught me to order a dozen oysters and a cold beverage and be patient while the cooks craft a Creole-style seafood medley with a thick, rich cream-and-tomato sauce. Ask for it 6 or 7 on the spicy scale.

When your food comes out, you'll think: *This looks ordinary.* It tastes ordinary, too, but it's somehow the best ordinary you've ever had. You will wonder how you will finish such a massive bowl, but it won't be a problem. Like me, you won't be able to understand how something so monotone can be so tasty.

But then you'll look around and realize you're responding to more than just the food. Everybody's laughing—the guests, the fantastically entertaining staff, the cooks in the open kitchen. People, you notice, are fucking *happy...so happy* that you wonder why you don't see that expression more often in those expensive, exclusive restaurants you frequent. You know, the ones that are supposed to be so much better than normal.



NEVER HIDE



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Feel the Burn

Sometimes—for boozy cocktails, for big-batch punches, and occasionally for one-off benders—you want a little more oomph in your glass. To help, a new wave of booze has arrived that's packing extra heat. Meet the overproof alcohols re-inventing your favorite drinks

→ High-proof liquor has been around for as long as there's been liquor, and why not? The higher the proof, the more intense the flavor, the closer you're getting to the spirit of the spirit and away from the parts of it (H_2O) added just to tone it down. But sometime in the late twentieth century,

the market settled on a watered-down eighty as a kind of baseline proof. Outliers existed, sure, but—apologies to Everclear—only recently has the strong stuff gotten really good.

Want proof? (Sorry.) Look no further than the brand-new cask-strength **Maker's Mark**. Then keep scanning the shelf: You'll find **Booker's Bourbon**, a longtime standard-bearer, alongside **WhistlePig's Boss Hog** rye, a new 118-plus-proof spirit that's smoother than wine.

And it goes beyond whiskey. New York Distilling Company got in early on the trend with instant-hit **Perry's Tot**, its navy-strength gin. (Per centuries-old British Navy rules, navy-strength gin must clock in at 57 percent alcohol.) Out in central California, rogue distiller Bryan Davis of **Lost Spirits** crafts what might be America's best navy-style rum. It's 136 proof, but the burn on the lips is worth the sweet kick that follows.

The secret to drinking overproof booze? *It's not a challenge.* No chanting the word "chug." If you're taking it straight, cut it with water first—a splash will do—since anything beyond one hundred proof will burn your palate before you can say "hint of oak." With cocktails, adjust the dosage from a two-ounce pour to 1.5 ounces. Think of it as an opportunity to customize—instead of some master distiller doing the diluting, he's letting you do the honors.

—MARK BYRNE



DRINK
THIS
NOW

You can use navy-strength gin in place of any old gin, but we'd recommend it in an Eastside, an otherwise sweet, minty cocktail that could use a kick in the nuts.
» Start with a shaker filled with a handful of mint leaves and two slices of cucumber.
» Muddle it all up and add one and a half ounces of navy-strength gin, one ounce of lime juice, and a teaspoon of simple syrup.
» Shake with ice, strain into a glass, breathe fire.



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THE *Punch List*



1 - 10

→ Let Us Now

Praise the Gap-Toothed God of Late Night



 **ALL HAIL DAVID LETTERMAN**, he of revolutionary network-television high jinks! The man who breathed fresh air into the tired host/guest setup; who introduced America to absurdism; who brought nothing but a microphone and his gangly demeanor outside the studio for his man-on-the-street Q&As; who was on the air for thirty-three years, 6,028 episodes, 361,600-plus minutes; who inspired a generation of comics to think differently about what a joke can be. In honor of his legend and retirement on May 20, and as an homage to one of his most enduring segments, we count down the ten greatest *Letterman* moments as picked by Will Ferrell, Tina Fey, and other humans you may've heard of. >>>>

LETTERMAN'S TOP TEN MOMENTS

TEN**Will Ferrell**

Number of appearances: 26
Date of favorite moment: 5/9/05

 "I came out to do a segment, and I handed him \$20, and he just shows the \$20 to the audience. I go, 'Dave, I'm sorry, but I never know if you're supposed to tip or not in New York.' He just kind of laughed. But then he mailed it back to me the next week with a letter. 'You can have it back,' he said. I just love that he wrote a letter and mailed me back the \$20."

NINE**Jimmy Kimmel**

Number of appearances: 8
Date of favorite moment: 4/8/86

 "In the '80s, GE bought NBC. Dave brought a fruit basket to the GE Building, and security announced that he needed to leave, but he barged through anyway. A foul security guy grabbed his mike and put his hand over the camera. It was a violent ejection from the building. And Dave was so perfectly calm through the whole thing. It says a lot about him. He has a calm approach to insanity. Plus, it was the beginning of his contentious relationships with the companies he worked for."

EIGHT**Sarah Silverman**

Number of appearances: 6
Date of favorite moment: 2/4/88

 "I moved in with my grandmother for a while in high school. I remember I was staying there when *Late Night with David Letterman* had a sixth-year-anniversary special. Nana was sleeping, and I watched it over the phone with my English teacher, Mr. Anthony, another Letterman addict. I remember so well the tears streaming down my face from laughing at the montage of bits over those years, my favorite being Dave wrapped head to toe in Velcro and leaping off a trampoline onto a Velcro wall."

SEVEN**Ricky Gervais**

Number of appearances: 24
Date of favorite moment: 3/29/04

 "I think his greatest moment, which is why he is king, is when he wouldn't let Janet Jackson off after Nipplegate. She goes, 'Oh, come on, David, you said you wouldn't talk about this.' And he goes, 'No, sure, but they said it was a malfunction of the...' He doesn't let it go, for like fifteen minutes."

SIX**Ben Schwartz**

Letterman page from '03 to '04
Number of appearances: 1
Date of favorite moment: annual holiday show

 "Every single year during his holiday show, he literally puts a pizza and a meatball on top of a tree; Jay Thomas tells the same exact story and then tries to knock it off with a football. That's his Christmas tradition. It just looks like what friends would do to fuck around."

FIVE**B. J. Novak**

Number of appearances: 2
Date of favorite moment: 2/3/09

 "Rod Blagojevich appeared on the show one week after his impeachment for corruption. He walked out, sat down, and with a big grin said to Letterman, 'I have to tell you, for years I have wanted to be on your show in the worst way.' And Dave said, 'Well, you're on in the worst way.' It was the quickest, smartest thing I have ever seen. My God. What a line."

FOUR**Paul Rudd**

Number of appearances: 14
Date of favorite moment: 12/7/83

 "There was one where he goes into a store called Just Bulbs, which only sells lightbulbs, and he keeps asking them about lampshades. They tell him they only sell lightbulbs, but he keeps saying, 'What about shades? I want to get shades.' Finally they say, 'We're

Just Bulbs. You want shades? Go to a place called Just Shades.' Then there was a smash cut and we're outside a store called Just Shades. As a kid living in the Midwest, that blew my mind. I just remember thinking, 'Are you kidding me? That store really exists?'

THREE**Amy Sedaris**

Number of appearances: 32
Date of favorite moment: 5/14/04

 "The 4:30 a.m. episode was a lot of fun. [The episode was taped in the middle of the night instead of at its usual afternoon time.] I was out roaming the streets in the middle of the night for my segment. I couldn't see Dave, just hear him, so it was almost like having a phone conversation. Like I could get away with more. I'm fascinated by him. Even just the color of his hair. It looks like the inside of a seashell."

TWO**Will Forte**

Letterman writer from '97 to '98
Number of appearances: 2
Date of favorite moment: 9/6/84

 "Anytime he put on a jumpsuit. Like the time he wore a suit covered with Alka-Seltzer and jumped in a tank of water. The best thing is that there was always this incredibly long setup, he did the thing, and then it was just over. There was never any kind of goal at the end other than 'We're just doing this because we find it funny. So get on board!'

ONE**Tina Fey**

Number of appearances: 19
Date of favorite moment: 9/28/07

 "The first thing that comes to mind is his epic interview of Paris Hilton after she got out of jail. Just a masterful dismantling of a phony. For my generation, Dave completely defined the way we spoke to each other. I didn't meet one boy in college who wasn't talking in Dave's cadence and ripping off his style. Whose deal will young people adopt now to try to impress each other? I worry for them."

1 1**I LOVE YOU, MAN****Watch Jack Black and James Marsden Get It On**

→ In *The D Train*, Jack Black plays a desperate underdog who, in order to lure heartthrob James Marsden back to their high school reunion, goes all the way with him. Rides the bologna pony. Opens the Gates of Mordor. Has sex, is what we're saying. Black tells us how he prepped for the scene that you'll remember as vividly as the first time you watched *Red Shoe Diaries*. —LAUREN LARSON

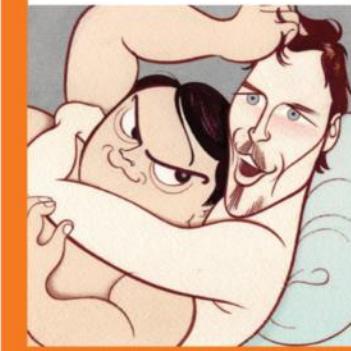
How did you and James talk about the scene beforehand?

We—the directors, rather—saved it for the last day of the shoot. It was the unspoken thing. We'd say it in passing once in a while: "Oh man, can't believe we're gonna do that scene."

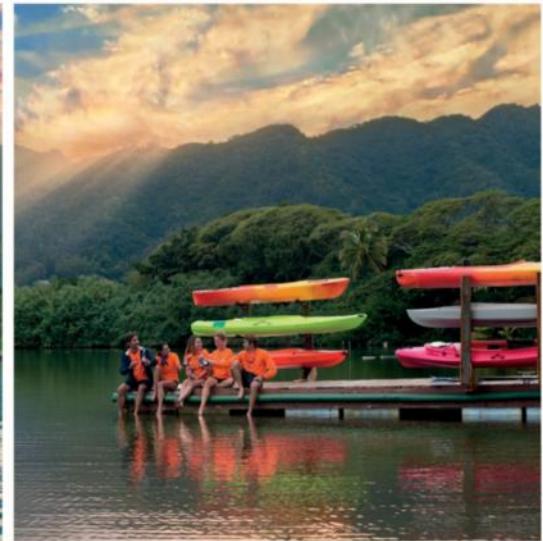
Putting it at the end really builds the nerves.
No matter when you shoot it, you circle that day on the calendar like, "Okay, do your homework and get it right, because it's a big scene in the film and you want it to be good."

What is "doing your homework" in that context?
Just getting in the right mental place. You don't want to be groggy. Some movies it's like, "Oh shit, there's a crying scene—be really good at acting that day." Same thing when it comes to the day you have sex with James Marsden. You want it to be, uh...

A special day?
Indeed.



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1 2 - 1 8

DREAM TEAM

Wonder Why the NFL Doesn't Just Draft the Avengers

→ In a weird confluence of things men care a lot about, the NFL draft is the same weekend that the *Avengers* sequel opens. So in what order would the *Avengers* get selected if they actually, you know, existed? Take it away, imaginary Mel Kiper! — DREW MAGARY



→ Hulk

"He's clearly something of a project, Boom. But he's seven, eight feet, around 900 pounds, and had a 500-foot vertical at the combine. I mean, he's just a freak—unless he turns back into Bruce Banner, which makes him about the size of a punter. And you've also got the off-the-field issues. Tore a scout's head off at his Pro Day. You hate to see that."



→ Thor

"Obviously, his background as a god gives him a leg up. Won't be able to use his hammer on the field, though. Still, you have to love the mythical dense bone structure and the berserker rages that increase his strength a hundredfold. You have to worry about his brother opening the portal to Asgard and destroying team chemistry. Also a touch aloof."



→ Quicksilver

"Ran a 0.1 forty, Boom. You know how much the Raiders love speed. I could see them trading up a slot just to nab him."



→ Falcon

"He can fly, so teams obviously adore his upside there, Boom. Now, I dunno if the league will allow him to use that.... Don't want to get caught in another Spygate situation."



→ Iron Man

"Lotta questions here. Can he wear the suit on the field? My guess is that as a roguishly charming billionaire, he'll simply buy a team, change the rules to make the suit legal, and then draft himself. That could make for a dysfunctional situation, especially given that he's a raving lunatic."



→ Captain America

"First one to the facility every morning, last one out. Hard worker. SCRAPPY worker. Probably can't use that vibranium shield as a boomerang to decapitate opponents, but you have to like the Super-Soldier Serum that gives him near-unlimited strength and dexterity. The Jets are doing cartwheels if he drops this far."



→ Ant-Man

"Obviously size is an issue. An ant-size man carrying a regular-size football: That's a fumble waiting to happen."

1 9

DEPARTMENT OF ROCK LEGENDS

Watch Kurt Cobain's Home Movies

→ Brett Morgen was first approached in 2007 to make a documentary about Kurt Cobain by Courtney Love, who admired *The Kid Stays in the Picture*, the film he made about legendary film producer Robert Evans. She offered Morgen complete access to all the home recordings, home movies, and artworks in her late husband's storage locker, though by the time the movie was actually made, control over the material had passed to the couple's daughter.

When he first met Frances, Morgen recalls, "she shook my hand and said, 'I just met you, and I probably know you better than I know my dad.'" She would give Morgen her blessing: "I think she felt very protective, but not of the myth. It was like, 'I want to make sure that we are dealing with him as an artist and not just a rock star and that it's honest.'" The mesmerizingly immersive result, *Kurt Cobain: Montage of Heck*, can be seen this month on HBO. — CHRIS HEATH

All of that Kurt and Courtney home footage is sort of heartbreakingly awful and heartbreakingly sweet at the same time. Particularly with the haircutting scene [where Cobain is holding baby Frances for a haircut while nodding out]. For me, why that's in the film is that in that moment you witness the struggle: You witness the love he has for his daughter and the battle he's waging with his addictions, and you see them both



Heart-Shaped Doc



The film features a trove of never-seen, hyper-personal footage of Kurt, Courtney, and their daughter, Frances Bean.

that presented themselves to her as Kurt Cobain's wife. But that doesn't mean she didn't love him. And I think he liked having a strong woman. I think that was missed. I think that the Courtney haters, if you will, are kind of disrespecting Kurt because people are threatened by strong women. Now, there's other things to be threatened about by Courtney, but she's a strong, forceful woman, and Kurt loved that about her. I think he saw her as the ultimate feminist, if you will. And sparring partner.

Was there much footage that was just too personal to use? No, there was nothing that I felt was off-limits. You're talking about Kurt Cobain—we're not talking about Mick Jagger or Liberace. I mean, what skeletons are there to unearth in Kurt's closet? His struggles were too public. And so discussions I had with family members about the images of Kurt on heroin—I mean, obviously that's not something his mother wanted to look at, and I get it. I wouldn't want it with my own children. But I couldn't let that influence what I was trying to do. And I felt Frances and I were completely in sync on that front.

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GQ BOMBSHELL HALL OF FAMER

20

KLUTE BEAUT

See Jane Run Do Peyote. And Get Dumped by Martin Sheen

→ Jane Fonda, legendary actress and fitness babe, would like you to get into older ladies. Her new Netflix comedy series, *Grace and Frankie*, which she produces and stars in alongside her 9 to 5 buddy Lily Tomlin, is all about new beginnings for the Centrum Silver set. (Basic premise: Both ladies find out late in life that their husbands—played by Martin Sheen and Sam Waterston—are gay. For each other.) Fonda may be 77 years old, but that didn't stop her from talking to us about sex, drugs, and vomiting (from drugs). —LAUREN BANS

In the first episode, you and Lily Tomlin drink peyote tea together. You lived

through the '60s. I assume you knew how to act that scene?

Are you asking if I've done peyote?

Yes.
Oh, I've taken peyote!

How is it?
It's pretty wild. You throw up a lot.

So what's the upside?
Well, you have visions. It's not my drug of choice; I've never had any profound visions, but many of my friends have. You see incredible shapes and colors and patterns, and sometimes you have cosmic breakthroughs. I haven't.

Have you had a cosmic breakthrough on something else?
I've had breakthroughs on drugs, but I wouldn't call them cosmic.

This is your first regular TV-series gig. What made you want to do it?

I had wanted to do a television series that dealt with older women, and when Marta Kauffman, one of the *Friends* creators, approached me about doing it with Lily Tomlin, it was like a

no-brainer. I love Lily. We are friends. And Martin Sheen and Sam Waterston are just special, special people. So very talented and fun to be around.

You recently commented that "masculinity, as it's defined now, is toxic." Care to offer some constructive criticism for men's magazines like, ahem, GQ?

I think GQ, or really any cultural entity, should encourage men not to be afraid of being sensitive and emotional. Both men and women are born fully connected to their hearts, but along the way that can be tamped down in men. That damages them. I know that there are people that will read this and say, "Oh, she's trying to sissify men," but no, I'm trying to encourage men not to deny their natural selves. Men need better role models. Like Jesus Christ, for example.

When you look back on *Barbarella* and how you were a huge cultural sex symbol, how do you feel?

I like the fact that boys of a certain age of that time had their first fantasies from watching me in that movie. A lot of them told me about it. They still do from time to time. And now they're grown up. I think that's pretty cool.



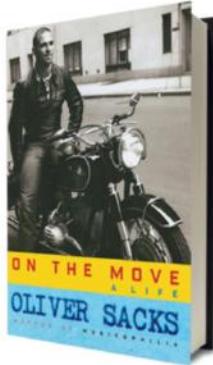
21 - 24

GQ LIBRARY

Judge a Book by Its Cover (or Bad Sexual Innuendo)

Surprisingly Macho-est Cover of the Month

On the Move: A Life
By Oliver Sacks



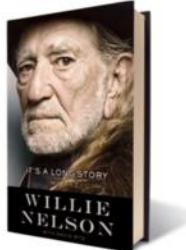
■ In a *New York Times* op-ed this winter, the whip-smart neurologist and our best living interpreter of how minds go haywire announced that he was terminally ill. Rather than dwell on Sacks's sad news, we're focusing on the incredible past he outlines in his revealing new memoir. Most surprising? The give-no-shits-from-the-seat-of-this-bike vibe he exudes in the vintage shot on the cover.



Bluntest Title of the Month

The First Collection of Criticism by a Living Female Rock Critic
By Jessica Hopper

■ In life, it's rare that the obvious route is also the cleverest. But it works for the title of this GQ writer's, well, first collection of music criticism. You could find enough band recs in here to never use Pandora again. But our favorite section, named just as honestly as the book: "Bad Reviews."



Swordsman Wisdom of the Month

It's a Long Story: My Life
By Willie Nelson

■ Hard-won advice from Willie's willy: "[The nightlife] meant meeting some mighty pretty ladies who didn't require any wooing. They were more than willing. It meant facing a fact that, as a young man, became more apparent to me: A hard dick has no conscience."



WTF-iest Page of the Month

The Familiar, Volume 1:
One Rainy Day in May
By Mark Z. Danielewski

■ Is the latest by America's torchbearer of experimental fiction any good? We have no idea—comprehension is futile. Instead, we treat the 880-page tome like a picture book for adults.

25

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN VEGAS

Brush Up on Your Mayweather-Pacquiao Facts

In the lead-up to the May 2 pummeling these two men will unleash on each other, read Will Leitch's thoughtful dispatches on GQ.com.





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“Being a GQ Insider has given me the opportunity to attend a bunch of GQ industry events, where I've connected with other Insiders and individuals who have been extremely helpful in my young journey as a blogger.”

GQ INSIDER SPOTLIGHT:

BRANDON BRYANT

INVESTMENT BANKER & BLOGGER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Q: How does GQ inspire your style?

A: GQ has been inspiring my style since before I can even remember. When I was younger, whenever I went to the grocery store I headed straight to the magazine aisle to pick up a copy of GQ. Even at a young age I was trying to see what hot new trends were being highlighted and which new faces of fashion were leading the forefront through GQ. These days, GQ has completely inspired my style with the addition of the denim shirt.

Q: Favorite trend of the moment?

A: It's a close tie between suede shoes and the "Pharrell" hat. Suede has made an epic return with the cap toe, double monk, and desert boot. Suede adds a classic yet rustic vibe that's perfect for the winter. And there's something special and majestic about the "Pharrell" hat. It gives you a distinguished look and, when styled with the right outfit, you'll be the best dressed in the room, hands down.

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Anchorman: The Legend of Don Lemon



So maybe he's not Walter Cronkite. Maybe he's done some famously awkward interviews, gotten his facts wrong, and made CNN the butt of more than a few jokes. But that won't stop DON LEMON. Because here's the thing: He can fill hours of nothing with a crisp, news-like something. No matter what he says, no matter how badly he screws up, he never blinks. That's his gift: He just keeps on going

• TAFFY
BRODESSER
AKNER



SO I SAY to Don Lemon, I say, let's do it, Don Lemon, let's have dessert. We've been here awhile, eating lunch, and we're having a good time, so likable is Don Lemon, so open is he to my questions, so warm is his smile. And maybe he can be coaxed into it. We are at the restaurant at the Museum



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of Modern Art, and the portions are modern-art-sized, and he just had his photo shoot yesterday—he'd suspended all manner of salt and other bloateries in the days leading up to it and would love to cut loose a little. But he still needs persuading, since it is a known thing that dessert is one of the principal sacrifices of people who regularly appear on TV. But he relents, because Don Lemon is not the kind of guy who will make you eat dessert alone. The negotiation: He'll do it, but it'll have to be light. I look up and down the menu and suggest that the sorbet looks promising, given his totally understandable criteria.

He leans in, big warm smile, not wanting to correct me, but needing to: "Sorbet," he says, like a news anchor. "It's pronounced sorbet."

"Sorbet," I repeat, shaky. I smile, not quite understanding the joke.

"Sorbet," he says with the confidence of a man who informs hundreds of thousands of Americans each night about what is happening across this land as well as many others. "It's pronounced sorbet." Sorbet! Could he be right? I've been saying it like a French word for years, like a complete asshole. Have I, a native English speaker, a graduate of a four-year college, a frequent eater of frozen desserts, been mispronouncing it all this time?

Or we can leave room for the possibility that he is just plain wrong. This is Don Lemon, after all, the news anchor whose name has become associated with what might politely be called *missteps*, like asking an Islamic scholar if he supports the terrorist group ISIS, or declaring on the scene at Ferguson that there's the smell of marijuana in the air, "obviously." This is the guy who asked if a black hole could be responsible for the disappearance of Flight MH370; who asked one of Bill Cosby's alleged rape victims why she didn't stop the attack by, as he put it, "the using of the teeth."

Yes, we have to allow for the possibility that Don Lemon might be wrong.

And yet, and yet: When Don Lemon says this to me, I am sure that he is sure of it. And who can we turn to if not our news anchors?

But now here comes the waiter, and he asks if we've decided, and Don Lemon asks for the sorbet, and the waiter looks at Lemon like, *Are you joking?* I give the waiter the silent, wide-eyed micro head shake—*No, he's serious, proceed with caution*—but the waiter has guts that I don't, and so he says, "It's sor-bay, sir."

Because of course it's sor-bay. I am shaken from my stupor and remember that yes, for sure, absolutely, it is sor-bay. I am right. The man sitting across from me, smiling and confident—he is not right. And so I am relieved, but also nervous about what will happen next.



• True fact: After this photo shoot, Lemon asked GQ's photographer if he did nudes.

But Lemon is not embarrassed. "Oh," he says, and then nods, because you learn something new every day, and he doesn't look at me to say how embarrassed he is, he doesn't look with a gulp at the tape recorder, he doesn't attempt a joke to clean it all up. He just says, "That's what I'll have, then." And we move on. That he can say it, recover from it, and move on without needing to know what I think of it—is this sort of everything you need to know about Don Lemon: Don Lemon is human, and Don Lemon is not perfect, and Don Lemon is so much more fine with his humanity and his imperfection than anyone I've ever met.

DON LEMON has a fitness tracker that he wears on his wrist, and he uses it for sleep monitoring. He's a lifelong insomniac, and his work schedule—hosting *CNN Tonight* at 10 P.M.—doesn't make things easier. Also he's dating someone now, a lawyer who understands his schedule, and it's going well—they spent Valentine's Day at a concert by the gay country singer Steve Grand—and there aren't enough hours in the day,

are there? He shows me the tracker's attendant iPhone app, and his sleep patterns are impressive in a bad way: three hours sixteen minutes here, four hours there, two hours just a couple of nights ago. And that's total sleep, not what the device calls "restful" sleep. In the weeks of data he shows me, the total never goes above six hours.

You wouldn't know it. Throughout our interview, Lemon, 49, is smiley and gregarious and energetic, alert but mostly expressionless, which probably comes from years of having to listen to people say crazy things on-air. He's an exceptional listener, my meandering questions returned in the complete sentences of a newsman who knows the power of a sound bite. He is focused when we talk, never strays for a minute; once, when I pivot away from a topic, he suggests that I might have ADD. This affable bluntness might help explain why he is so ascendant at CNN. His ratings are pretty close to Anderson Cooper's numbers at 8 P.M., and they have already eclipsed those of Piers Morgan, who was on at 9 P.M. until, mercifully, he wasn't.



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As far as I can tell, the great Don Lemon gaffe-spotting fest that has become such an Internet phenomenon and journalistic pastime began on July 27, 2013, and it began not with a gaffe but with an unexpected rant about racial mores. He was anchoring the weekend desk, and he played a clip of that bastion of modernity and multicultural wisdom, Bill O'Reilly, explaining everything that's wrong in the black community. This was shortly after the George Zimmerman trial, and rather than lash out at O'Reilly, Lemon claimed that he hadn't gone far enough. He then addressed "black people" with his own list of solutions: (5) Pull up your pants. (4) Stop using the N-word. (3) Stop littering. ("I've lived in several predominantly white neighborhoods in my life. I rarely, if ever, witness people littering.") (2) Finish school. ("Stop telling kids they're acting white because they go to school or they speak proper English.") (1) "Just because you can have a baby, it doesn't mean you should."

You can bury that kind of lecture on a weekend afternoon, but a shitstorm will still ensue. Critics pounced on Lemon, accusing him of blaming blacks for institutional racism. Lemon was surprised; he was just giving his point of view as a black man. "I'm speaking to the people from where I came from," he explains to me. "I didn't think I was saying anything bad. Just: Always respect yourself. Go to school. I mean—" and here he laughs a little—"I think they're used to me just having a one-way conversation, just reading the prompter and going, 'Okay, what do you think? What do you think?' Maybe they were just sort of surprised that I actually have a point of view."

Soon his platform grew. In March 2014, Malaysian Flight MH370 disappeared. He got the call that network president Jeff Zucker wanted to use the 10 p.m. slot for a nightly one-hour special to discuss new theories about where the hell that plane went, and he wanted Don Lemon to host

it. (Good cocktail-party trivia: *Nightline* began the same way—a nightly update on the 1979 Iran hostage crisis that became a TV-news institution.)

Here was his chance. Each night, he hosted a panel of aviation experts and theorists and gave updates on searches, but soon the searches were over, and so the updates gave way to just talking, and the hour became the sort of hour at which CNN specializes: long conversations that took the place of actual news, of which there was usually none. From a pure ratings perspective, it was a smart bet. Lemon immediately began crushing poor Lawrence O'Donnell on MSNBC (still does) and even regularly held his own against Sean Hannity (ditto).

But it came with costs. CNN had installed its CNN-iest talent to anchor an hour of television that came to embody all the things that people loathe about CNN—the empty news-like product: questions, but no answers. Who knew anything new by the end of those hours? CNN's Malaysian-flight coverage became a punch line of flood-the-zone cable-news excess, and Don Lemon was the face of it.

DON LEMON knew he was gay for as long as he could remember. He knew it when he was watching Tom Jones on TV with his grandmother in his hometown of Baton Rouge when he was 5 or 6, and he knew it when he would watch Robbie on *My Three Sons* or the guys on *Emergency!* But he also knew that it was information he should keep to himself, because that's what you did in Louisiana in the 1970s.

As a child, he was molested by a teenage boy who lived nearby. He didn't tell anyone until much later; in fact, he came out publicly as a survivor of sexual abuse spontaneously and casually live on CNN, while he was doing a segment on another sexual-abuse case. That afternoon his bosses called to see if he was okay. "Of course I am," he answered.

He didn't have many close friends in high school. The black kids didn't think he was great at being black, and the white kids didn't want to bring a black kid into their sphere. Still, he was elected senior-class president: accepted by none but liked by all.

Lemon knew he'd leave the South eventually, and he had always wanted to be a news anchor. His journalism teacher at Louisiana State told him he was aiming too high, that he'd never make it on-air, which Lemon interpreted as being put in the "black box"—his term for the limitations others place on

This Is a Rapidly Devolving Story

Out of the billions of news-anchor brain farts in TV history, here are GQ's four favorites.—HILARY ELKINS



Hardball Fires a Spitball

• MSNBC's Chris Matthews gets so excited about a Dick Cheney scandal that he literally drools down his chin.



Uh, That Is Not Morgan Freeman

• ABC's George Stephanopoulos helps usher in Obama 2.0 at his second inauguration by misidentifying NBA icon Bill Russell.



The Chicago Fire

• WGN 9 news anchors report on a plane that fell from the sky onto a South Side highway. Turns out it's just the filming of a scene for NBC's *Chicago Fire*.



"Good Evening, I'm Oprah"

• An upstart anchor at Maryland's WMDT 47 opens one of her eleven o'clock newscasts with a secret wish. Spoiler alert: She is not Oprah.

people of color. It didn't stop him, though. He got hired at Fox and shuttled between affiliates in St. Louis and Chicago for a few years, then jumped to NBC stations in Philadelphia and Chicago. He picked up an Emmy for a report on the real estate market and an Edward R. Murrow award for coverage of the D.C. Sniper in 2002. (Yes, Don Lemon has an Edward R. Murrow award.) In 2006, he jumped to CNN.

He claims not to have a political affiliation—he voted for Barack Obama in the past two elections, but in college he was a Republican and he voted for Reagan once, before Reagan's treatment of the AIDS crisis disenchanted him. But that doesn't make him a Democrat. "People expect me to be liberal because I'm gay," he says. "And I'm not liberal." But over lunch, when I describe his values as conservative, he objects to that, too. "You keep saying I have conservative values. I don't. I think I have values that are important and realistic. And they're not necessarily spoon-fed



• A memorable recent moment: Llemon scores an exclusive with a llama.

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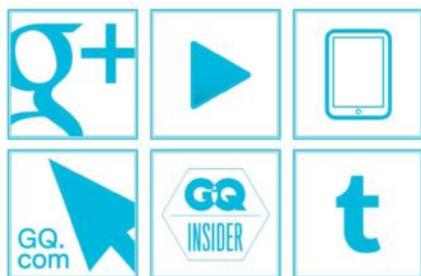
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THE MEN'S STORE AT MACY'S HERALD SQUARE

Macy's, GQ, and TheMenEvent welcomed more than 900 customers to a VIP experience in support of New York City's Anti-Violence Project. Customers had the opportunity to meet New York Jets wide receiver Eric Decker, while GQ Style Expert Brian Ellingwood helped guests shop as they enjoyed Rémy Martin V.S.O.P specialty cocktails, cigar rolling, grooming tips, and beats from DJ Zev. Over \$3,000 was raised for the Project.



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• Don Lemon gaffe-spotting has inspired its own Twitter hashtag: #DonLemonOn.

by someone. I thought out what my values should be.” He brings up the example of family: He was raised by a single mother, and he loves her, but he thinks a family should have two parents. “Even now my mom would say, ‘I wish I had had some help.’”

Lemon has spent a lifetime so far out of sync with people’s expectations of him that he seems unconcerned with them, sometimes even oblivious to them: of how a black man should act, how a gay man should act, how a survivor of sex abuse should act. All this—high school, the black box—made him into the man he is today. Someone who has learned that there are no guidebooks for a man as ambitious as he is, and who has no fucks left to give about what anyone thinks of him.

“Let me put it this way,” says Jeff Zucker. “There’s certainly a lot of interest in Don Lemon, and that’s a good thing for Don and for CNN. You know, Don is a little bit of a lightning rod. Frankly, we needed a little bit of lightning.”

Lemon’s executive producer, Jonathan Wald, told me that “none of the alleged dings at Don’s performance have hurt his credibility or his appeal.” Lemon’s gift, Wald says, is “having a conversation, and that’s really the guts of this show.” It’s the mantra of all of CNN: Keep going, keep talking. People don’t walk out on conversations.

“When you’re a network-news anchor, you have a twenty-two-minute news hole, and you read not even five minutes of copy, if you read that much,” Lemon tells me. “When you’re a cable-news host, you’re on for hours and hours and hours live. Right? Sometimes there’s nothing in that box, no words.”

I went and watched those clips again, and it turns out none of them are quite as

dumb as advertised. The black-hole question wasn’t actually Lemon’s question; it was submitted by a viewer over Twitter, and he passed it along to an expert, calling it “preposterous.” In Ferguson, when he said “obviously,” he was just (he tells me) employing one of many of the filler words an anchor uses when he has to fill in dead air. His ISIS question was intended as a point of clarification: “His answer was so nebulous,” Lemon says of the Muslim human-rights lawyer Arsalan Iftikhar, who, yes, if you watch the clip, is not completely clear. Given the context, Lemon’s follow-up—“Do you support ISIS?”—was only moderately daffy: Iftikhar was trying to give a nuanced answer, and there’s no room for nuance on CNN. CNN is a place for sound bites. When I ask Lemon about his interview with the alleged Cosby victim and why he asked about the “usage of the teeth,” he gives me a long answer about how the incident started a conversation about sex abuse. But it didn’t do that, I tell him—it started a conversation about people who say the wrong thing to victims of sexual abuse. And shouldn’t he have known better? After all, he was a victim, too. He smiles and shrugs and eats his food. Later, after dessert, I ask him again, and finally I get the real answer: Lemon tells me that when he was a child and was being forced to perform oral sex on his abuser, he told that fucker that the next time, he’d bite his dick off, and that’s when Don Lemon stopped getting molested.

THERE’S A THING we do now in the digital age where once we turn on someone, we find fault in everything they do, and in Don Lemon’s case it seems to come from a less noble place than his not insignificant imperfections. Sure, he’s said some dopey things, but lots of cable-news anchors say lots of dopey things. Why him? There’s also something going on, something almost impossible to wade into and untangle, about a black gay man breaking with the rules of both groups, and so it becomes okay to make fun of Don Lemon in a way that it is not currently okay to make fun of any other black or gay public figure in America right now.

And so here is maybe where I should confess to some sympathy. If you saw the transcripts of my interviews, you’d wonder if English was my first language. Many of us who tell stories to the world have the luxury not just of an editor but also of a fact-checker

and a copy editor. And how about everyone else? Very few of us have our conversations laid bare every single night. Hardly any of us are being recorded for stupid-thing-we-said Vine posterity. Most of us get to sound more or less how we want to sound; most of us get to backpedal. Not so on live TV.

And remember, this is cable, not network news. Lemon’s directive in many cases is to get up there and talk. On ratings-hungry CNN, there is virtually nothing you can say that is worse than silence.

One night, as I was writing this story, my Twitter feed came alive with two Don Lemon-related threads: first, that he had said, live on-air, “Two hundred and sixty-two people are being held by ISIS, many of them men, women, and children,” and second, that he was interviewing a llama.

I turned on my taped version of the broadcast, and it was immediately clear that Lemon had just misspoken: He had already said the phrase “ISIS now holds more than 260 Christian hostages—men, women, children, and the elderly” during that hour—it was only the second time that he absently substituted the phrase “many of them.” And for the record, he didn’t interview the llama; he interviewed the llama’s handler, because earlier that day the world had been captivated by an animal escape (“llama drama,” in CNN parlance) in Arizona.

But look at the pictures of Lemon next to that llama. They’re irresistible, both of them staring at the camera, both of them expressionless. They are begging for a hashtag. This is 2015, and we live in an age of tweets and GIFs designed to make jokes out of people, and Don Lemon seems custom-built for perpetuating what we’ve decided is his essential Don Lemonness. As he stood next to that llama, I detected something like regret or humiliation behind his eyes, but he’ll never let us see more than a flicker, if that. No, Don Lemon isn’t Murrow or Cronkite. He may not be the steady, infallible news anchor America needs right now. But he sure feels like the anchor we deserve.

We turn on who we turn on, I guess, and we delight in other people’s mistakes, all the more so when there doesn’t appear to be much contrition or self-awareness about their impact. And anyway, no one is perfect. Not him, not me with my flawless dessert pronunciation. That afternoon at the restaurant, Lemon checked out a couple of cute waiters, making aren’t-you-delicious noises as they walked by, loudly enough for me to hear, still not giving a shit. Then he put his sorbet spoon down on his plate and smiled and said, “That was good,” and that was that.

TAFFY BRODESSER-AKNER is a GQ correspondent.

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→ The Real Lives of Sex Addicts





In the age of smartphones and frictionless-dating apps, sex addiction is like being hooked on a drug that's always available in unlimited supply. It's like living with a meth dealer at your side, or a brick of cocaine in your pocket. Worse, you can get a potential high from every person you meet. But unlike other addictions, this one isn't officially recognized. There's no health coverage for it, no medication, and for those trapped in its strange and unrelenting spell, no easy way out. GQ's **NATHANIEL PENN** investigates



• In the past decade, the number of sex-addiction therapists has more than doubled in America, where there are an estimated 19 million sex addicts.

I. AROUSAL

SEX ADDICTION—diagnosing it, treating it, portraying it on-screen—is big business. The number of certified sex-addiction therapists has more than doubled since 2008, according to the International Institute for Trauma and Addiction Professionals. Hookup apps like Tinder (26 million matches per day) and Grindr (1.6 million active daily users) are growing wildly and multiplying, like real-life manifestations of the futuristic smartphone imagined by Gary Shteyngart in *Super Sad True Love Story*, which rates the “Fuckability” of everyone around you. The movie industry, for its part, has released at least five films on sex addiction in the past five years, six if you count both parts of Lars von Trier’s *Nymphomaniac*. Forty years ago, the term *sex addiction* didn’t exist. Today it is thoroughly assimilated into the culture.

But even now, sex addiction seems to exist in parallel realities: one in which millions of people are struggling with it, and another in which it is barely studied and not even clinically recognized. Research

has yet to confirm that extreme sexual behavior really is addictive in the same neuroscientific sense that, for instance, habitual heroin use appears to be. For this reason, many clinicians prefer the term *hypersexuality*, even though they concede that the distinction is mostly semantic. But the practical effects of such uncertainty are enormous. No drugs exist to treat sex addiction; no health care plan specifically covers it; there’s virtually no funding for studies. Eli Coleman, a psychologist and director of the Program in Human Sexuality at the University of Minnesota, estimates that approximately 19 million Americans—5 to 7 percent of the population—are hypersexual. But estimates like this are controversial. “We’re all blind in this field,” says UCLA neuroscientist Nicole Prause.

This much is certain: More and more people are seeking treatment. A lot more. In each year over the past decade, the number of groups registered with Sex Addicts Anonymous, one of the nation’s largest twelve-step organizations for sex addiction, has grown by 10 percent. Hollywood

is just the latest market to capitalize on this phenomenon, even if filmmakers’ depictions tend to do more harm than good. On-screen, sex addiction tends to be portrayed as glamorous, even fleetingly aspirational—either posey, broody, and existential or chaotically fun in a Warren Beatty-in-the-’70s kind of way.

But no two-hour movie can communicate the relentless patterns of thought that persecute sex addicts. If sex is ordinarily a way of dealing with another person, then sex addiction is a way of dealing with yourself. You act out—you can’t *not* act out—in order to escape from unbearable feelings: depression, severe ADD, bipolar disorders, the scars of family trauma, profound despair. Most addictions require you to extend yourself in some way—go to a particular place, spend a certain amount of money. Sex addiction does not. The fuel for your disease is all around you, invading your senses. The poet and professor Michael Ryan captures this experience in his unsettling, mesmerizing autobiography, *Secret Life*: “The substance I used,” he writes, “was human beings.”



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Jacob, age 28**In recovery since 2012**

JACOB* IS A COMPUTER programmer, and on the morning he greets me at the door of his and his wife's Seattle-area apartment, he looks as though he's been up all night wrestling with code. His eyes are bleary behind rimless steel glasses. His face is drained of color. But when I ask him if he's tired, he says no, just the opposite: "I sleep *too* well. It's the only time I'm able to forget everything."

In a wedding photograph on the wall, Jacob holds hands with his wife, Ashley, on a country lane. He smiles hesitantly, his eyes skittering off to one side. If you didn't know better, you might say he looks like a typical bewildered groom. But what the picture really seems to capture, and perhaps this is why he won't look directly into the lens, is Jacob at war with himself, trying to erase one terrible thought from his brain: that if his wife knew who he really was—if she knew about the pornography, the explicit online chats, the anonymous sex with other women, with random men—she would get as far away from him as she could.

They have been together for nearly half their lives. They met when they were 16, married in the fall of 2009. But they haven't had sex since June 2012, haven't even seen each other naked (except by accident) since he told her he was a sex addict. Almost every night, they separately attend meetings or therapy.

Aside from a few desultory wall treatments, there isn't much of a female presence in the apartment: Ikea couch and armchair, long desk by the window, computer screens. It may be that Ashley doesn't go in for decorating. It may also be that she's still not sure she's going to stay here. I'd hoped to talk with Ashley today, but she and Jacob have decided against it. I get the impression that her forgiveness may be so provisional that simply facing a reporter's questions for an hour could undo it.

Four pairs of running shoes, all so worn-out that they've lost their shape and turned gray, are lined up inside the front door. In high school, Jacob was all-state three times in cross-country; he still runs six to eight miles every day and competes at least once a month in local events. He has broken this routine only when he's been lost in the stupor of his addiction.

Jacob grew up devoutly Christian in a remote part of a midwestern state. His father worked the late shift in a factory and typically wasn't home before eleven at night. As a kid, Jacob was shy and introverted. He

* Excluding those of medical experts, all names and some identifying details have been changed.

Seduce and Destroy

From an e-mail sent by a woman interviewed for this piece


Maura / 45 years old / Atlanta / In recovery for five months
To: Nathaniel Penn**Cc:****Subject:** RE: Follow up re GQ interview

Hi Nathaniel,

There's some information I think may be helpful for your piece so after talking it over w/ [my therapist] I decided to share it with you....

During our interview I had 3 instances where I imagined what it would be like to seduce and have sex w/ you. Your being married didn't help matters. I'm really starting to see just how much of a trigger married men are for me.

As I had these thoughts I knew how inappropriate it was and if it weren't for therapy I wouldn't have recognized it and I certainly wouldn't have stopped myself. Yet even with my new awareness, the old way of thinking crept in and I actually wanted to do it because it was inappropriate. I think the only difference between the old me and the new me at this point, is that old me wouldn't have been aware that it was inappropriate and I wouldn't have cared how it would have impacted you. But now I'm much more mindful of how my actions impact others.... Now if only all of this translated to my no longer having a desire to "act out." I suppose that would be too easy, though.

Maura

dreamed of being an astronaut and walking on Mars, of his toys coming to life and being perfect friends to him.

When I was in third grade, my teenage cousin sexually propositioned me. She wrote me detailed notes about what we would do. I went to a medical encyclopedia to see if all this stuff was real and figured out that it was. We came pretty close to having sex, but I always felt dirty about it. I pushed her away and said, "I can't do this." So we never did. But it stuck in my mind. I was preoccupied with it for a long time, fantasizing about it. My dad worked a lot, he was never around, and getting that attention felt good.

When Jacob was in ninth grade, someone told him about Internet sex chat: It was a perfect medium for someone who had always lived best in his own mind. The first time he shared a photograph of himself with a girl—or someone who said she was a girl; it didn't really matter to him—she told him he was cute. "It was intensely affirming," he says. He spent hours at the computer, cybersexing as either a boy or a girl, whatever it took.

At the private Christian college where he studied computer science, Jacob would proxy his way around firewalls, risking expulsion to access the chat rooms. Every conversation followed the same script: "Tell me where

you're going to meet me," he would demand. "Tell me when. Tell me what you're going to do to me." He would plan things out meticulously, bring people right up to the line, to the point at which they were climbing into their cars. Then he would cut off the conversation and block the person's username. If it was a particularly good chat, he might save the transcript and reread it later.

The goal is the high. It's always about the high. I'd get [his eyelids flutter and his eyes roll back] light-headed. I'd feel euphoric.... Orgasm was never the goal. It was always about: What can we do for as long as we can do it?

Amy, age 44**In recovery since 1998**

AMY HAS A GAP BETWEEN her front teeth, like Chaucer's Wife of Bath. She also has a half-dozen piercings, which she asked us not to describe for fear they would be too identifying. She lives in a ranch-style house at the end of a cul-de-sac in the Nevada desert. As we sit down in her living room, the flat-screen, tuned to a soothing New Age radio channel, is playing Enya. Amy and her partner, Patrick, a ponytailed software engineer, exchange I-love-you's. "I'm going to be watching my show," he says, closing the door of their



MARK NASON.
FOOTWEAR



MARKNASON.COM

bedroom behind him. In the living room, we are surrounded by Amy's two dogs and one of her four cats.

I started looking at porn when I was 7 or 8. My father's magazines: Penthouse and Hustler. They were hidden under the bed, behind the tray he used to separate the seeds from his pot. When my parents would go away, the whole ritual of pulling the magazines out and having to put them back would get me excited. It was a job to get it all right and put it back properly. I obviously couldn't have an orgasm at that young age, but I do remember a tingle. I remember thinking God gave me a special gift, that I was the only one who had these feelings.

In conversation, she doesn't flirt or, as she calls it, "intrigue." In Sex Addicts Anonymous, she has learned to avoid speech and behavior that might trigger someone else's addiction, or her own. The way she talks, the way she acts, is subdued, modulated: It's clear that she has higher gears that she won't use. It's also clear that when she did use them, years ago, she must have been magnetic.

She had sex for the first time when she was 13, on a dare.

At a party me and a girlfriend dared each other who would lose their virginity first, and I was going to win that night. My boyfriend and I were both very drunk, stumbled into a bedroom, don't know whose. He said, "I can't do this, I'm too drunk." I said, "You will do this." It was not kind and loving. It was "I'm going to win this fucking bet."

What I should have noticed is that there was always a boyfriend. It was not okay to not have one. If I didn't have a boyfriend, what was I? I remember being in gym class after I'd broken up with a guy. I said, "The next guy whose shoes I like, I'm going to date." And I did.

One boyfriend had his own apartment. They could have sex there whenever they wanted. It was a kind of freedom any high school couple would envy, and it enabled her precocious discovery of the thing she liked most. She was naked in his bed one day when he pulled out a hunting knife.

He was running the knife all over. All over. I just lay there with my eyes closed. It was so titillating. And that started it.

Edward, age 71 In recovery since 2005

AS HE PREPARES coffee for us, Edward has the air of awkward officiousness you sometimes see in divorced men who've learned their way around a kitchen only in middle age. He's dressed in a kind of generic well-to-do older gentleman's casualwear: khakis, a plaid button-down shirt, white sneakers.

Leather-bound volumes on medical history fill a glass-fronted bookcase. Later, I'll see a dozen framed diplomas and awards hanging in his home office. This could be your grandparents' apartment: the carpet a little thicker than usual, the furniture a little darker, heavier, more ornate. There's that downsized feeling of pieces that were never meant to be together in the same room.

As far as his neighbors know, Edward is a retired surgeon who lost most of his money in a divorce. A decade ago, he ran a network of hospitals in this Sun Belt city and lived with his wife and daughter in a 6,000-square-foot house in a tony neighborhood. He drove a new Mercedes and made \$400,000 a year. Then, he says, "the wheels came off my wagon."

I grew up in the Deep South, in a home where the word "sex" was never mentioned. I mean, you didn't even talk about what sex the dog was! But I was 30-plus years old before I engaged in any obsessive thinking or compulsive behavior.

The event that precipitated my addiction was the birth of our daughter. My wife was paying more attention to the child than to me, and I felt rejected. It was just happenstance that to avoid horrendous traffic in the city where we lived, the route I took home passed right by an adult bookstore. Bright lights, the whole bit. I wondered what goes on at those places. I picked a time when there were no other cars in the parking lot.

Edward sits up straighter in his chair. His voice gets louder. Even in recovery, the vast majority of sex addicts prefer to keep their condition secret. In this regard, they're different from alcoholics and drug addicts, whose diseases tend not to be as stigmatized. The pressure of secrecy concentrates a memory, intensifying the details. These scenes, decades old, are alive for Edward.

The bookstore was brightly lighted, which was a shock. It was physically dirty. In the peep-show area, which was dark and almost creepy, there were spots of semen on the walls. As a surgeon, I was fastidious about cleanliness, and it made my flesh crawl.

On my next visit, I got a handful of quarters and went into one of the booths.

II. MADNESS

THE BODY OF A SEX ADDICT can become his whole world. The urgent messages he receives from his brain—I'm depressed, I'm lonely, I'm frightened, I'm angry—drown out everything else around him. He can't feel happiness, except as a physical sensation.

Arousal and orgasm, as he knows them, are not lived experience but rather a retreat

from it. They are a simulation of all that may be absent from his life: joy, intimacy, a feeling of accomplishment. They are a kind of biochemical brute-force attempt to blot out an overwhelmingly bad feeling with an overwhelmingly good one. In the space between arousal and orgasm, he finds a fleeting calm. He strives to prolong it, to escape time, escape his own mind. He lurches between wretchedness and euphoria, looping back on himself endlessly. He wants to be outside himself; instead he becomes his own prison.

The pursuit of that elusive high can drive sex addicts to escalate into increasingly risky behavior: from exhibitionism and habitual anonymous sex to, in certain cases, a fascination—even in people who have always preferred adults—with child pornography. Straight men will often seek out sex with other men. Their explanation tends to be that it's quicker—infinitely easier than finding sex on demand with a woman. Eli Coleman, who has studied this phenomenon, says that some of these men are working out conflicts about their sexuality. But some are not. Instead, he says, they may have other, intricately tangled motives: to express self-hatred through

Straight men will often seek out sex with other men. Their explanation tends to be that it's quicker—infinitely easier than finding sex on demand with a woman.

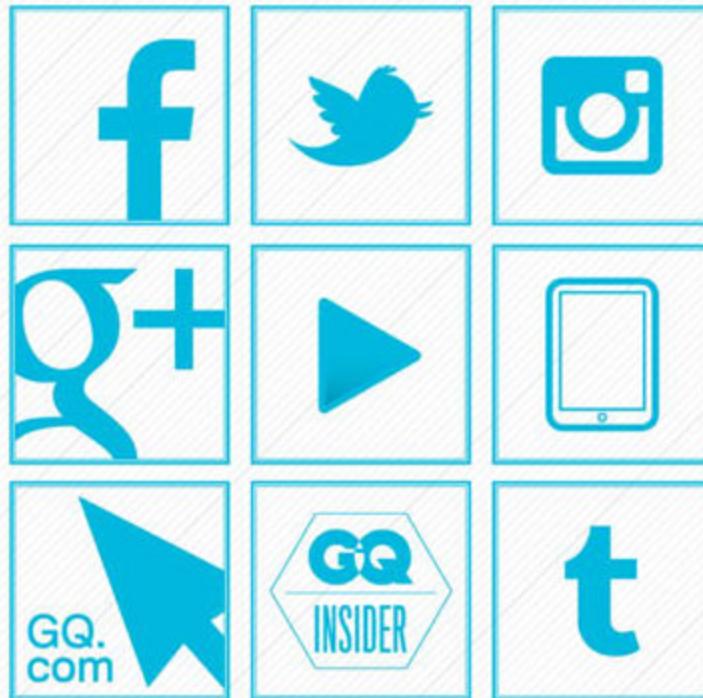
behavior they may regard as debasing, to subjugate a partner they regard as more physically powerful than a woman, to feel desired by and intimate with a father who was emotionally distant.

In the past half-dozen years, hooking up has become absurdly easy, thanks to apps like Ashley Madison, Tinder, Grindr, and "Craigslist," as the site is known to habitual users of its "casual encounters" section. "Today you can click on your phone and find someone within 1,000 feet of you who's looking for sex," says Robert Weiss of Elements Behavioral Health. "This is something that has never occurred before. The roof has blown off."

Jacob

I WOULD MAKE THESE pacts with myself: I'm going to stop. It would last a day or two and I'd be back at it again. I was acting out with other people, or porn, or masturbation, almost daily. At first there was a baseline level of attractiveness I needed, but later (continued on page 136)

PROMOTION



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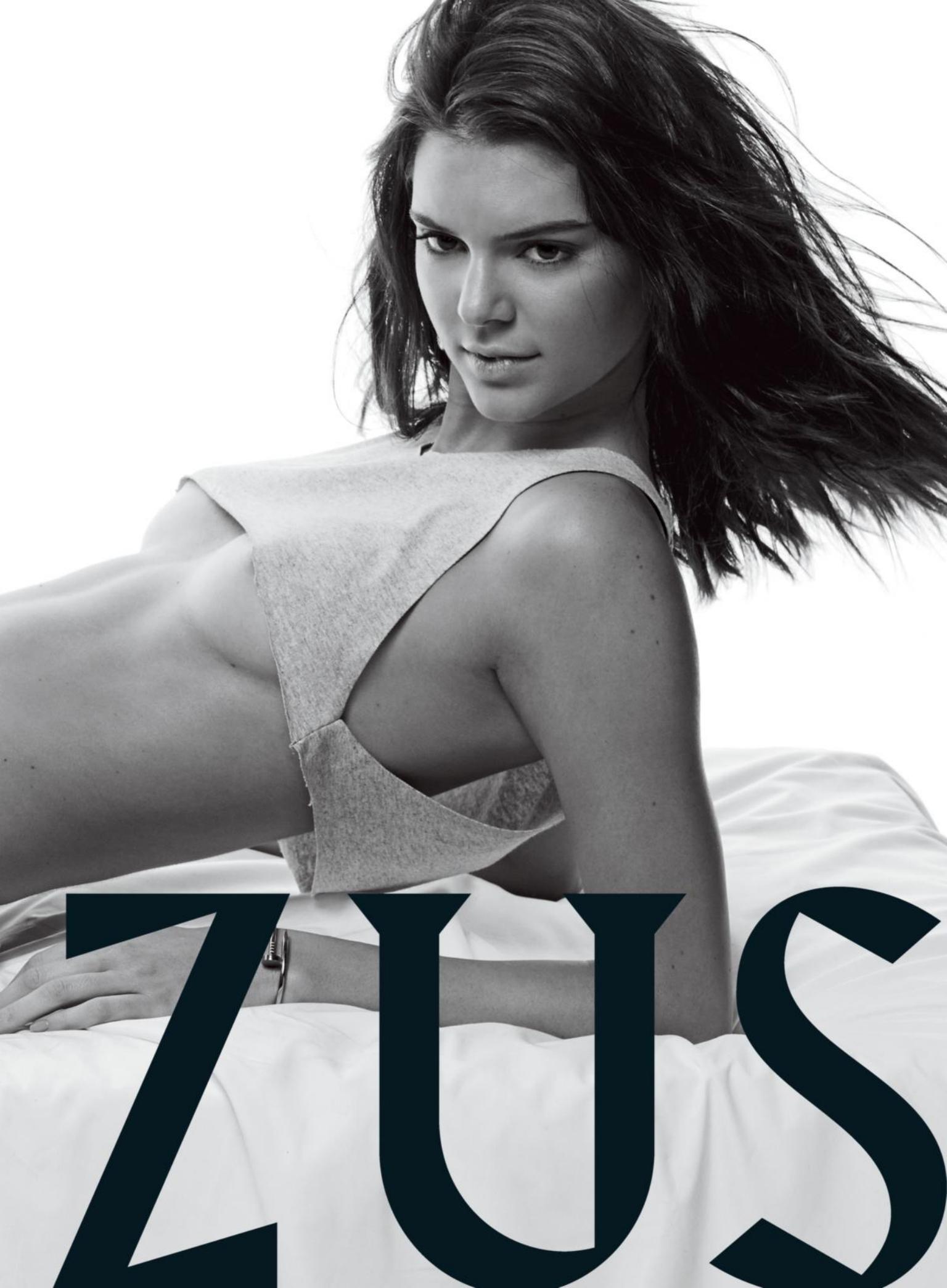
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Khe's been rich since the day she was born. She was on TV before she could drive. She was an elite fashion model by the time she turned 18. Now **Kendall Jenner** is one of the most followed, most photographed people in the world—and she still might only be the third- (fourth? sixth?) most-famous person in her own family. GQ sent **Zach Baron** to Paris Fashion Week to try to keep up with the Kardashians' newest superstar  **STEVEN KLEIN**



KATE



ZUS



Kendall is the family's most refined product yet, wildly successful without the taint of all the hard tabloid labor that brought her to this point.

THE SUN RISES AND POURS an ocean of light onto Paris one Thursday morning in early March, and Kendall Jenner is at the wheel of a Smart car, a little speed-bump-shaped contraption that contains two seats and three people. Ashleah, Kendall's modeling agent/minder/friend, reaches out one long graceful arm to take a selfie—two artfully posed women, one bewildered man—then instructs Kendall to hang a right up the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

Kendall Jenner is 19. This is either her fourth, fifth, or sixth time in Paris in the past year; she's not quite sure. It's been a blur, and she's usually here to work—she's been to Paris, in other words, but not really. Now she's trying to get out, see the city a bit. "There's an arch," Kendall says helpfully, pointing up ahead at the Arc de Triomphe.

We do a couple of doughnuts around the monument to the French war dead. Kendall, in sunglasses, a pale pink shift, and Chloé sneakers, is giggling, weaving with the ease of the L.A.-born through Paris traffic like we won't all die in a cute little explosion should our tiny car hit even a particularly large cobblestone. She has the quality unique to certain fashion models where from most vantage points she looks like someone you might have gone to high school with, and then the light touches her face in a specific way, like through the windshield just now, say, and all the hard angles and emphatic contours and one-in-a-million genetic collisions emerge. She slides us down the Champs-Élysées to Avenue George V and pulls up at the Four Seasons, where we all tumble out of the car into a sudden jarring circle of camera flashes.

Upstairs, Kendall knocks on a door, and on the other side of that door is her mother, Kris Jenner, wearing nothing but a leopard-print robe. Her hair is wet and slicked back, her skin moist and well oiled. "Come in," she says, in the airy death-threat tones I know so well from television. There is a bowl of ripe fruit, Chanel shopping bags

strewn across the lemon yellow carpet. A gentleman stylist works away at her hair as she bids me to sit down. Kris turns to Kendall with great interest: "Who did you go out with last night?"

I watch a candle smolder and listen to Kendall answer, "Gigi..." Gigi is Gigi Hadid, one of Kendall's closest friends and a fellow member of a whole new generation of high-fashion models that also includes their friends Cara Delevingne, Joan Smalls, and Karlie Kloss—a team of young women who together bucked the twenty-first-century anonymity of the job to become, out of sheer will and daily Twitter updates, full-on celebrities in their own right. Supermodels, in other words, of the kind we haven't seen since Gisele and Naomi and Kate. A gang of girls notorious for being beautiful and having fun, for treating fame like an alpine meadow full of flowers to pick and then Instagram.

Kris says she's about to go over to Kim and Kanye's place—she says it just like that, all casual—and then the three of them will meet Kendall at the Balmain show, this afternoon, in which Kendall is walking the runway.

Kendall, half listening, moving around the room with the restlessness of a bored teenager and the ease of someone who basically lives in hotel rooms, reaches into a yellow Selfridges bag and pulls out a black rabbit-fur felt hat that turns out to be the Kendall hat, a limited-edition Karl Lagerfeld-designed bit of millinery vended exclusively at Selfridges and recently purchased with pride by Kris. Kendall puts the hat on and studies herself in Kris's mirror.

Now, maybe it's the jet lag, but this whole scene seems symbolic. If you'll step with me into the warm, reassuring light of the *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* confession booth for a moment... For a while it was commonplace to point to the Jenner-Kardashians as some sort of new, depressing evolution in the form of the American family, whose desire for fame burned so hot that it actually made them famous, a spray-tanned snake eating its own Swarovski-encrusted tail. This was always only partly true at best—weren't they in fact famous for being super entertaining on television? like Jon Hamm? or Guy Fieri?—but one thing you really get, sitting in the lemon yellow Four Seasons suite, watching Kendall Jenner try on a

hat named for Kendall Jenner as her proud mother looks on, is how hoary that entire conversation feels in 2015. Kendall Jenner is past all that.

Let us now behold her in her eponymous \$630 hat, picking her way across the shopping-bag-strewn floor, the immaculate result of her family's long-sought betterment, the far end of a long arc of aspiration, with the taste and bone structure to prove it. She has what we should want for our children and our children's children: a life of steady work and good fortune. You might sneer, but it's true. I would sacrifice a wombat for my future daughter to be in this exact suite, trying on this exact hat. It's infectious, their comfort here. My grandfather grew up in an orphanage in Brooklyn and now I'm in Paris, taking my ease at the Four Seasons, and all my ancestors are duly proud, thank you very much. But the Jenners might as well have ridden in here on a wagon train, the extent to which they've been hurtling ceaselessly toward the finish line of the American Dream.

And Kendall is the family's most refined product yet, wildly successful without even the taint of all the hard tabloid labor—Bruce's *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* appearances and Kim's home movie, the long, family-wide, soulful prison phone calls with Joe Francis—that brought her to this point. She is the regal JFK to her mother's liquor-running Joe Kennedy, the beneficiary of her family's ambition, the realization of their dreams. "My life was always different growing up," she says. "I mean, even before the show, my dad was who he is. He's an Olympic athlete. And we were going to premieres, like *Finding Nemo* premieres, and we would be little kids, like, before the show, walking down the red carpet." As a kid, she'd visit the Neverland Ranch. "I remember going, actually, and as I was leaving, Michael Jackson was coming in. And I was like, 'Oh, my God! That was Michael Jackson!'"

Casually, she'll say things like "When I was younger, we lived in a horse community."

A horse community! America! May all our children live in horse communities.

(text continued on page 86)







Kendall is watching footage of the mob scene earlier, now as cool as an athlete reviewing game tape. "I can't believe they were pulling me that hard!"



OUTSIDE THE FOUR SEASONS, the paparazzi have gone kudzu and multiplied. The Jenner team has swapped our li'l Smart car for a burly Range Rover, and endearingly, as the photographers strobe away, Kendall asks the driver if he'd mind letting her take the wheel instead. Bruce taught her how to drive when she was only 10, she says; doing it now "makes me feel like I'm home." You can tell—she drives so easily, so naturally, that it takes me a moment to realize she's doing it within a diamond-shaped phalanx of pursuing photographers in cars and on scooters, dipping and turning circles around the Range. I get vertigo just looking out the window. But she's grinning.

This life, the crazy caravan of borderline suicidal men trailing the car, is all she knows. Think about that! None of us choose what we are born into, but few of us are born into circumstances like hers. Grew up literally live on television, to the point where she's not even sure if she can remember what her life was really like before *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*. Her mother and sisters chose this. But "me and my little sister were placed in," Kendall says. "Like, 'Okay, there's gonna be a TV show around.' We didn't have a say. And how could we have a say? It was in our home. There was no way we couldn't be on it."

Do you think you would have chosen it if you were the one choosing?

"Like, now?" She seems genuinely surprised by the question. "If someone was like, 'Do you...?' Honestly, I can't answer that question. I have no idea. I don't remember. I was 10 years old when the TV show started. I don't remember what it was like before."

She's not mad at the show or how things turned out, she says. Far from it. Just re-upped with E! in fact: four more years living on-camera alongside the rest of her family in exchange for a reported

\$100 million. Her modeling career is now going great, and she's not unaware that that's got something to do with who she was before she decided to be a model. Paris in springtime, who could be mad?

She didn't choose this, but it's all she knows, and so far she's done nothing but enjoy it. "It's really weird. I understand that it's not normal," she says, trying for a moment to look at it from the outside, where we are, marveling at a life that feels so impossible to inhabit. "But it *is* normal."



THE BALMAIN SHOW is at Le Grand Hotel, where last year, Kendall says, "some activist, like a Save the Whales guy, body-slammed my sister Kim." I'm kind of smirking at the absurdity of the image as she tells me this, the two of us moving through the lobby and downstairs, her giant security guard clearing us a path, but the anecdote will prove prescient, and a few hours from now I will think about Kim and her assailant and sympathize.

Hadid, Kloss, and Smalls are here. So is Adriana Lima. Thirty or forty models sitting backstage getting their cheekbones further sharpened amid artists mixing lipstick colors on metal plates with the concentration of Turner gazing out grimly at a burning ship. The big circular room, in the basement of the hotel, smells like coffee and glue. This week the tabloids are full of stories about Kendall being bullied by her fellow models on account of her gauche reality-television roots, but as far as I can tell, the other girls here, who uniformly look super young and super tall, are lining up to exchange air-kisses and compliments. If there's a popular girl in this room, it's her.

There was a moment, not too long ago, when Kendall's modeling aspirations seemed like maybe just another reality-TV plot device, a story line as ephemeral as the episode about Kris's inconveniently tiny bladder or the time Kim became a private eye. But then Kendall went and built an actual career—one at which she is considered genuinely gifted by those who would know. "I didn't do it because I felt like I had to prove something," she says, though you can tell that's a silver lining, proving something. "This is a career that

I've always wanted. And I mean, what else would I be doing? I probably would have gone to school to get the degree to go to work, when work was already there."

She's deliberately kept the E! cameras away from this part of her life. "I told them from the beginning, I was like, 'Okay, love you guys, but we're not gonna do this. You're not gonna follow me to shows, you're not gonna be with me on this ride.'" She can't help it if people hire her for her pre-existing fame, but she'd prefer that they didn't—that this be hers alone.

Though now here come Kanye and Kris and Kim, a blizzard of light and noise heading toward the front row, Kim passive-aggressively picking this moment to unveil a dramatic new blonde haircut, Solange Knowles and Lewis Hamilton and Emily Ratajkowski filing in behind them, the show beginning first with opera and then with the strangulated falsetto tones of Fall Out Boy. There's carpet on the runway for some reason and Kendall breaks a heel down in the fiber, but you can't tell; in fact, she looks exhilarated, albeit in that hyper-focused, model-face kind of way.

Afterward it's chaos, people breaking into a run for backstage. Kendall's back in street clothes now and I finally realize what the sunglasses she's been wearing on top of her head are for as she lowers them against the flash, a whole murder of photographers who have descended upon us shooting away about nine inches from her face.

As she tries to walk out of the building, her security guard has already been accidentally bogarted by Kris, which means Sebastian, her tiny French driver, is slugging his way through the growing throng. On the hotel's front steps, we walk into a literal mob, gnashing and howling, like something out of medieval times, and Kendall is almost swept away by the crowd.

People are tugging on her sleeves and her hair, screaming her name. There are hundreds of them and she's got her head down and she's trying to walk as the crowd surges forward and everyone is shouting but it's too loud to make out the words. We're all swaying now in that fierce angry way where you know if you lose your balance you're definitely getting trampled. I consider my obituary—"Kendall Jenner 'Companion' Slain in Paris Melee"—and start shoving back. Kendall's got a kind of rictus panic smile on her face, and a scene that began feeling like just another glamorous moment in the life of a glamorous woman is starting to feel a lot more dangerous. (*continued on page 135*)

I ask if it's weird for her that I have a good idea about how she's spent the past few days. "I mean, you don't know what I'm doing tomorrow."



LOVE
SEX &
MADNESS

• The skyline that silver built in Guanajuato, Mexico. Opposite, don't be late for your surf lesson in Uruguay.



Head South

•WHERE TO TAKE HER 2015•



The land that gave us the tango and Neruda (yeah, all those other Americas) has never been shy about stoking the flames of romance, which is why we're canceling all transatlantic flights and taking our girlfriends, wives, and Tinder pals due south, to the hilltop cities in Mexico and beachside bungalows in Uruguay; to the desert plateaus of Chile and out-of-this-world tasting menus in Peru. It's time to brush up on your Spanish, and then it's time to melt her *corazón*.

THE ECUADORIAN JUNGLE

Her GUILT-FREE GROWN-UP TREE HOUSE



► **WHAT YOU'RE** looking for is the gasp: Does her first glimpse of your destination—the room, the view, the sheer seclusion of it all—cause such awe, such ecstasy, that it results in a sharp intake of breath? Mashpi Lodge, located in a vast biodiversity reserve

in the Andes cloud forest of northern Ecuador, delivers the gasp. Its signature glass-walled design—floor to ceiling in all twenty-two guest rooms and twice as high in the majestic dining room—gives Mashpi the feel of a massive terrarium plunked into the

middle of a lush, teeming jungle.

The gasp pretty quickly gives way to bafflement. *How does this place even exist?* It doesn't seem like it should, considering the four-hour dirt-road trip from Quito required to just get a couple of humans here, and the four different varietals

- Show the jungle your wild side through Mashpi's floor-to-ceiling windows.

of condensation (rain, fog, mist, and steam) you have to wade through in the process. Whatever sorcery was required to build Mashpi, it was worth it.

Of course, Mashpi is still an eco-lodge, and it operates right on the line between comfort and largesse. The rooms feature billion-thread-count bedding, and furniture made from local seike wood, but most do not have water-hogging bathtubs. The restaurant is first-rate, but there's no room service. The spa is a nice touch, but it's spartan—more therapeutic than luxurious. You come here to hike, spot a howler monkey or a toucan or a rare orchid, slush through mucky trails all day, sky-bike 200 feet over the forest canopy, and then collapse into bed right after dinner. If you want a sense of Mashpi's priorities, consider this: The rubber boots are complimentary.

—DEVIN GORDON

- July–September
- mashpilodge.com
- Eco-bragging
- Hiking

Ask a Real Live Lady



Hey, GQ photo editor **Jolanta Alberty**, where should we take you?

“
Osa Peninsula, Costa Rica.
I went years ago. We woke up in our hut-house with the light. Water for our showers was streamed in from the local river and warmed in pipes on the roof. We ate homemade tamales sold by an old woman who walked through the jungle shouting ‘Tamales!’ then climbed up to an activist’s tower in the jungle canopy, finding orchids sprouting up the tree as we climbed higher. At twilight, we walked home through misty jungle rain. Maybe it’s not romantic in the traditional sense, but we got to see how we’d relate in survival mode.”

ANTARCTICA

THAT'S RIGHT: ANTARCTICA

→ Go during the Antarctic summer (December is best), when temperatures hover around freezing. Certain tour operators will take you the rest of the way from Buenos Aires; we recommend Abercrombie & Kent. They'll fly you to Ushuaia—the southernmost city in the world—then sail you on Le Boreal across the Drake Passage and unleash you and any game companion upon the White Continent. The silver lining of the \$13,000 tab: You can be pretty damn sure no man has taken her there before.—BENJY HANSEN-BUNDY



CHILE THREE WAYS

YES, SHE CAN HAVE IT ALL

Chile is as long as the U.S. is wide, and it has far more up its sleeve than just beaches and wine.—MARK BYRNE



THE DESERT

→ If you have the credit limit, check in to **Awasi**—the country's best, most pampering hotel, high up in the Atacama Desert. Awasi's m.o. is to liquor you up at night and then bring you out into its big, ridiculous world during the day. Ever had a picnic on an endless desert plateau 8,000 feet in the sky? Neither has she.



THE CITIES

→ Santiago's hotel **The Aubrey** was once some rich dude's very posh home; now it's fifteen very posh rooms you can rent by the night. Sleep there, but take a day trip to **La Sebastiana**, Pablo Neruda's house in Valparaíso. Then ride an ascensor to a view of the port Neruda himself called "a tug-of-war between the sea and nature."



THE GLACIERS

→ You'd be forgiven for spending an entire trip just staring at the things jutting out from Patagonia's speckled coast. Book at **Remota** and you can actually stare at the icy gulf from your room. (Or from a hot tub—her choice.) Try to tear yourself away to see **Torres del Paine National Park**, which might as well be sponsored by Instagram.



THE URUGUAYAN COAST

The Best Damn Strip of Sand She'll Ever See

December–March

las piedras fasano.com;

vikretreats.com

Beach lounging

Horseback riding

Kayaking

► **WHERE IS URUGUAY, AGAIN?** Right, just below Brazil, east of Argentina. After deplaning into the eighty-four-degree embrace of Montevideo, it's a two-hour drive along the coast to Punta del Este. This is the peninsula where South America comes to party, where the sun sheets off the toothy palms, a secret only to us North American yokels. On the white-sand *playa*, supermodels joust with their cheekbones at the *cevicherías*. But there are plenty of ordinary families disporting, too. The Punta beaches have a loony *Where's Waldo?* quality, that kind of crammed humanity. Seagulls, beach balls, plum-dark *abuelas* drinking Pilsens in thongs.

Keep driving. Cross the Puente Ondulado, a wavy bridge like a big white Pringle. Forty minutes later, you enter an entirely different ecosystem: the green peace of the Fasano Las Piedras hotel. You're in the countryside now; the pin-thin woods are in perpetual shiver. Your "stone bungalow" feels less like a hotel room and more like an opulent cave, Wilma Flintstone's dream of a honeymoon suite. The cool granite shower is bigger than your first apartment. Push a button and automated screens blot out the light. Do whatever you like in that absolute darkness.

After a camp day for adults—kayaking, horseback riding—drive your personal golf cart to a castle on a hilltop. Ascend a steep Neptunian staircase cut into the cliff to the Fasano's restaurant. Everywhere you turn:

• Brutalist chic! The serene and secluded rooms at the Fasano Las Piedras hotel.

views of the sea, five miles to the south, its curving coastline sequined with twinkling towns. Sit with your boo, imagining those rolling waves, feeling the undertow in your soles. Your grilled fish will be delicious, but it's the views, eye-level with the yellow moon, that are priceless.

Two days later, exchange grassland and spurs for the Atlantic. Drive back over the white Pringle to the beach town of José Ignacio. This place is a stanza of poetry: sand dunes, pink hibiscus, wooden schooners, spicy ceviche. Pull into Playa Vik: an art theme park of a hotel. Alexander Vik, eccentric billionaire and art collector, allegedly chose to build here because he loved the peninsula's fusion of genres: part Wyoming, part St. Tropez. His three hotels are within ten miles of one another but could not be more different in character. At Estancia Vik, ride horses through waist-high grasses. At Bahía Vik, marvel at the slate cabanas that nuzzle into the sand like decadent hobbit holes. Back at Playa Vik, hit the pool deck. Sunset is an event, thanks to the infinity pool, an artwork itself that invites you to plunge into its orange glow.

Join your fellow guests on the deck for *asado*, a Uruguayan fish barbecue. The fire pit, a red jack-o'-lantern smile carved into the hill below your hotel suite, is waiting for you under the leaping stars. After midnight, sneak off the Vik's landscaped grounds for the dunes. Waves roll with unruly force; the night feels edgeless.

Later, do you pay a steep karmic toll for a night this free? Do you find yourself stranded in the fluorescent-lit hellscape that is the Dallas airport, huddled in a taxi line under a freak snowstorm with your fellow snow-damp, pissed-off, yeti-furred countrymen? Do you discover that your maroon tan makes you look insane, as if mauled by a sun jaguar? Well, sure—it's a precipitous fall. But looking back, it will be a blip compared with the Edenic span of Uruguay, where the campo and the blue *mar* coexist, compressed onto a single canvas.—KAREN RUSSELL



THE BOLIVIAN PLATEAU

Give Her a Night at the Museum

HOTEL MUSEO

Cayara has only received overnight guests for seven years, but its rambling red walls date from 1557—not long before, thanks to its silver mines, the surrounding town became one of the wealthiest in the world. There are colonial muskets to gaze at and leather-bound first editions of Voltaire to pretend to read, but your job here is to flag down Arturo, who looks like a late-career Lon Chaney, and ask for a tour. “This is by Melchor Pérez de Holguín, the

finest painter of the Potosí school,” Arturo says. “This is one of a hundred copies of Hume’s *History of England*. And this is a portrait of the second owner of this place, *mi abuelo*.” It takes a minute to realize that Arturo, scion of a bygone empire, grew up in “this place,” eating *huevos revueltos* on a 400-year-old table, under a triptych containing gold leaf. The past isn’t dead at Cayara; here, it actually owns the place.—ANDREW MARANTZ



CHECK IN AT CHEZ AIRBNB

→ The thing about St. Bart’s is that you can either pay a grand a night for the pleasure of sharing a resort with stock-rich recent retirees, or embrace the native vibe of being on a rock in the middle of the ocean, hop on Airbnb, and nab one of the island’s many empty villas. They all have pools. They all have views. Go as a group and you even get to pick the couple in the room next door.

THE CARIBBEAN

Our Annotated (and Abridged) Guide to All Those Islands

We left out all the snoozy ones, and all nonessential details.





THE NEW TRIP ADVISER

An ayahuasca retreat in the Amazon can be a sublime bonding experience with your S.O.—or a psychedelic nightmare. We asked Jason Grechanik, an experienced guide at Sacred Spirit Journeys, how to make the most of your shaman.

—STAN PARISH

THE AMAZON RIVER

This BOUTIQUE HOTEL WILL TAKE Her for a RIDE

► THE VENN DIAGRAM overlap of adventurous vacations and romantic vacations may be small, but one trip in that sweet spot comes in the form of the *Aria Amazon*, a riverboat that makes a luxury experience out of South America's most legendary river. During the twice-daily excursions on a twenty-foot skiff, the thought recurs again and again: There are a whole lot of coupled-up animals in this rain forest. Scarlet macaws glide over the canopy in pairs, partnerships that often last for life. A spider monkey gives a capuchin a piggyback ride, scrambling up slender branches. If you remain silent as the sun slides below the horizon, the cacophony of the jungle erupts all around you: animals calling out, looking to pair up.

The humans you meet on the trip like one another a lot, too. Villagers cruising by in dugout canoes wave as you drift past. Locals sell handicrafts from their boats

• Often the *Aria Amazon* is the only light for miles.

- December–May
- ⌚ aquaexpeditions.com
- 🛶 Skiff riding
- 🦅 Bird-watching

to yours, passing goods over the muddy water. You visit a village and meet the ten families living there, and you're invited into their homes. The children recite your names, and you learn theirs.

Not all goes according to plan. During the high-water season, dry land is nowhere in sight. The skiff, it turns out, can run out of gas, leaving you at the whims of the river. You help paddle the skiff to a place where you can be rescued, your lady firmly convinced of your heroism.

Back on the *Aria*, you feast on elevated Peruvian cuisine, prepared by an onboard chef, and the always flowing Chilean wine. You return to your room; the floor-to-ceiling windows frame the crisp stars. In the morning, you wake up and look over to see your girlfriend sleeping soundly, backlit by the sky and the river. You're on the Amazon! This is adventure with a soft bed.—ERIC SULLIVAN

1. It's 2015—even shamans have websites.

"Do your research beforehand: Look up various centers online and read the testimonials. Good shamans aren't out looking for work. The guy who approaches you on the street in Iquitos? Probably not a good idea."

2. Don't expect Coachella.

"Starting two weeks before your journey: no sex, no stimulants, no alcohol. The act of preparing sets a precedent—what you put into the experience is what you get out of it."

3. Save the big questions for yourself.

"Understand what ayahuasca is—and what it isn't. It's sacred to many people, with the potential to help us heal and understand our place in the world. It's up to you to take what you learn and apply it to your life."

THE CAPITAL OF PERU

Trust the Chef

That's chef Virgilio Martínez, the guy in charge of Lima's much praised Central. Martínez takes us through a day of Peruvian gluttony.

10 A.M. **Madam Tusan**

"Chinese styles with Peruvian ingredients. Go for the dim sum breakfast!"

11 A.M. **BioFeria Market**

"Producers come from all over Peru with ingredients that were in the soil a day ago."

1 P.M. **El Mercado**

"A friend of mine owns this casual

cevichería. Share octopus *a la plancha*, *el sudado* (a fish stew), and of course the ceviches."

5 P.M. **Downtown Lima**

"Find the vendors serving *picarones*, or fried dough. Both soft and crispy, and yummy."

• *Capchi de tofu* at the Peruvian-Japanese eatery Maito.

8 P.M. **Maido**
"Sit in front of Chef Mitsuhashi. He does a special Japanese-Peruvian menu for me and my wife, and he'll do nice things for you, too."

11 P.M. **Mayta**
"The best bar in Lima is in this restaurant. They have 120 *macerados*, piscos infused with fruits and herbs."





THE HILLS OF MEXICO

SKIP THE BEACHES: In Mexico, Go Straight for the Heartland

You don't come to San Miguel de Allende and Guanajuato to lounge at a hotel or stare out at the horizon. You come for a feast—from the sight of the city when you wake up, to the taste of the tequila when you're stumbling home. Both cities, we're happy to report, have you covered.—E.S.

• The massive pink church will be your visual compass while wandering San Miguel.

	GUANAJUATO	SAN MIGUEL
	TASTE THIS Duck-confit taco at Las Mercedes Dine in the owner's home. The food—barely elevated Mexican—is delicious.	Squash-blossom tamale at Moxi Eat the food of Enrique Olvera, the world's best Mexican chef, for less than a Benjamin.
	SMELL THIS The fresh fruits of Mercado Hidalgo This market is in a century-old vaulted-ceilinged space. Buy a just-picked mango.	A shot of Casa Dragones Tequila Sip, don't shoot, at a privately held tasting in a four-century-old stone house.
	HEAR THIS The mariachis in Jardín de la Unión The sharply dressed bands in this central square will serenade you with tales of amor.	The tolling of the Parroquia bells The hourly ringing will remind you how late you're out at the clubs along Calle Umaran.
	FEEL THIS The breeze on the roof of Hotel Edelmira Bring dos cervezas; the air flowing from nearby mountains will refresh your soul.	The cobblestones of Calle Aldama In a city you'll explore on foot, this mansion-lined street is one of the most romantic.
	SEE THIS The view from the Funicular Panorámico From here, the city looks like a giant jumble of Pantone chips. (See page 88.)	The original art at Hotel Matilda A gallery-worthy collection of contemporary art hangs in the best boutique hotel in town.

Ask a Real Live Lady



Hey, GQ fashion director **Madeline Weeks**, where should we take you?

“

A few years ago, we were in Rio, looking for locations for a fashion shoot. When it became clear the original location wasn't going to work out, we left in search of an idyllic setting. Our driver told us about a small fishing village called Paraty, nestled in the mountains on a gorgeous cove dotted with small colorful fishing boats moored out on the water and stunning tropical islands as far as you can see. The streets are cobblestone. Cars aren't allowed into the historic center, so people walk or ride bikes (or even horses). The restaurants are delicious and casual and super cheap. A perfect getaway.”

THE MEXICAN COASTS

Okay, Don't Skip the Beaches. But Choose Wisely.



FOR THE SOPHISTICATED SPRING BREAKER

Caribbean Option ↔

PLAYA DEL CARMEN

Near Cancún and Gomorrah; packed with bars where the girls have gone a bit less wild.

Pacific Pick ↔

PUERTO VALLARTA

The flash and tequila reserves of Cabo, minus your wife being asked to flash her tits.



FOR THE PATCHOULI ENTHUSIAST

Caribbean Option ↔

TULUM

Once a haven for eco-leisure, now ground zero for fashion shoots and model selfies.

Pacific Pick ↔

TODOS SANTOS

Cabo's artsy neighbor is home to more galleries than you can throw fish tacos at.



FOR AN ACTUAL ESCAPE

Caribbean Option ↔

AKUMAL

Book a room on Half Moon Bay and never drive or put on shoes, unless you want to.

Pacific Pick ↔

PUERTO ESCONDIDO

A cactus-filled stretch of coast; Oaxaca's surf-bum paradise.

THE GUATEMALAN HIGHLANDS

SLEEP UNDER the VOLCANOES of LAKE ATITLÁN

November–May

 casapalopo.com

 Boating

 Gluttony

► WE HAD FIVE KIDLESS DAYS for the first time in about a decade—a syzygy of planets!—and we were starved for some small adventure to celebrate a bunch of delayed celebrations—big birthdays, anniversaries, etc.—so my wife asked one of her globe-trotting friends, someone who'd spent her twenties backpacking far and wide: If you could return to only one place, anywhere in the world, where would it be?

"Oh, that's easy," said her friend. "Lake Atitlán."

A-tit-whut?? It sounded a little naughty and fantastic and mythological. It was located in the highlands of Guatemala, which solved one big requirement: a doable flight for the optimization of on-ground time-chilling in a beautiful, remote place with a dash of exotic culture. And the Internet quickly told us that the body of water was not only one of the deepest in Central America but was touted as one of the world's most beautiful. "Atitlán is Como," reads Aldous Huxley's oft-quoted assessment, "with additional embellishment of several immense volcanoes. It is really too much of a good thing."

• Lake Atitlán's trio of volcanoes are said to have inspired illustrations in *The Little Prince*.

We were all in for too much of a good thing! And that first sighting—after landing in Guatemala City, driving two hours west, and switchbacking down the last mountainside into the village of Pana—did not disappoint. The lake was a stunning aquamarine disc hovering in its highland caldera, mostly devoid of boat traffic, and looked after by the lush, rugged mountains that rose up around it, including, dramatically, the troika of volcanoes on its southern shore. We couldn't take our eyes off the view. It worked an insistent, hypnotic effect, changing in color and drama—greens and blues at midday, the softening oranges of late afternoon, the purple nightfall—evoking deep calm and awe. A strong breeze picked up, called Xocomil, or "the wind that carried away sin." And so we indulged ourselves.

We had dinner by candlelight, watching the world dim, the air cool and dry (even in August the altitude keeps it hospitable and bug-free here), toasting too much of a good thing. And we had too much of a good thing over the next days when we wandered Pana aimlessly, or when we hired a boat and went from village to village—from the laid-back hippie vibe of San Pedro to the festival day at Santiago that brought a wild parade. We had too much of a good thing when we went to San Marcos La Laguna and found a perfect swimming spot where we lingered for hours, then had lunch at a little cliffside hotel, La Casa del Mundo, with another spectacular view of the lake. The wind (that carried away sin...I just like saying it) kicked up again, whipping the lake into a froth—and we had too much of a good thing when we motored back in the evening from our adventuring to a traditional Mayan sauna and cocktails on the terra-cotta porch.

Afterward, we gazed across the lake at that embellishment of volcanoes, stunned by the stars haloed above them, reflecting there in the water a swarm of fireflies, ours for having come to see it.

—MICHAEL PATERNITI

Ask a Real
Live Lady



Hey, GQ director of photography **Krista Prestek**, where should we take you?

“My husband and I went to Buenos Aires a few years ago and took a quick trip by high-speed ferry to Colonia del Sacramento, Uruguay. We walked to the historic old town, which has been largely unaltered from how it was built in the 1700s. It’s all crumbling walls and cobblestone streets, with a lighthouse you can walk to the top of to see the whole quarter. When we got our fill of the old town, we rented a scooter and white-knuckled it into the interior of the modern town, where there’s a defunct bullring and a restaurant where the chef treats you like a guest in his home.”





THE FIRST RULE OF AIR SEX IS: You must have sex with air. No human partners allowed. The second rule of Air Sex is: All orgasms must be simulated. Or as the commissioner of the Air Sex World Championships puts it: "When you come onstage, you may not come on stage." The rest is up to you. Air Sex is the horny stepchild of air guitar, only instead of pretend fingerpicking, people pretend to do other stuff with their fingers, and mouths, and pelvises. GQ's **Taffy Brodesser-Akner** reports from a safe distance

 Andrew Hetherington

Your reigning Air Sex World Champion, Tootmanny (opposite, top left), proves you can choke and still win.

I Can Feel It Coming in the Air tonight

LOVE
SEX &
MADNESS



AIR SEX COMMISSIONER Chris Trew begins every Air Sex show the same way—with a killer Air Sex routine that he's choreographed down to the last thrust—and here is how it goes:

Over a magnetic, beat-heavy score, Trew pretend-chooses a pretend woman from a pretend bevy of them onstage. He pretend-kisses her sloppily, then takes a step back, pretend-unbuttons his cardigan, pretend-takes off his belt, and pretend-unzips his fly. His hand, subbing for his penis (public nudity is just as frowned upon in Air Sex as it is in life), becomes a quivering fish out of water, flopping and excited; the crowd responds in kind with a mixture of hooting, applause, and some bizarre humping gestures. Trew spits—not air-spits, but really

spits—a long loogie onto his hand to get his pretend erection going. He pretends to put his pretend condom on. He pulls his hand back, teasingly, like a toy that needs to be revved to work, and sticks his hand into the vagina of his pretend partner. Then he dances the joyful dance of insertion.

Next, he grabs a terry-cloth headband from offstage and triumphantly mounts it around his forehead, then sinks down to perform some cunnilingus. The audience cannot even. Trew turns into a bird, flapping his wings—that's how good he is at this cunnilingus: The human form can no longer contain him. Finally, there is intercourse.

We are at the Mohawk, in Austin, a dimly lit open-air bar with a wraparound upper level made of wood, featuring enough sky to showcase the city's greatest cultural attribute: that it probably won't rain. Tonight is the Air Sex World Championships—the culmination of the circuit's sixth annual tour. Trew and his associates have spent the summer canvassing twenty-two U.S. cities for regional champions of this fine art, a sport in which a group of “nothing-fucking mothefuckers,” as he calls them, mime sex acts for an audience. We are here tonight to witness the best of the best. Amateur hour is over.

Trew—a comedian as well as a pro-wrestling manager as well as an improv teacher who co-owns The New Movement Theater in New Orleans and Austin—finishes his routine to wild applause. Then he announces: *“This is not a fucking game.”* No, he booms, it’s *“the most prestigious sport in America.”* He can prove it. *“Visualize the Olympics. The World Series. Whatever the goddamn is.”*

What those don’t have is a runner-up prize like the one offered by Air Sex: a flashlight-shaped sex toy called a Fleshlight™, which allows you to insert your penis into the mold of a vagina, and sometimes a special-edition porn star’s vagina, so you can have all the sex you want with far less of the woman. The Fleshlight™, Trew boasts, is “the only trophy you can fuck. You cannot fuck the Stanley Cup.” This feels true to me.

* * *

HOURS BEFORE THE lights dimmed and the fake sex began, the finalists gathered and prepared backstage. Two men, Jimmy Death Nuts from Detroit and Wonton Soup from Denver, were, independently of each other, working out their equally disgusting ways to incorporate simulated poop into their routines. The finalist from Houston, dressed as Aladdin, fez and vest and all of it, told me to call him Lawrence of Alabia. Another finalist, a man from D.C. who called himself God Bless My Pussy, slid on shiny gold hot pants and stuck a pair of star-shaped pasties onto his nipples. A woman in pigtails called herself Juici Jessi. A man called Tootnanny pulled out a baby bottle. He just barely missed going



Feel Like Fakin' Love

To script a winning Air Sex routine, you need to master a few moves that we've all employed to execute a decent lay—and also some techniques many of us rarely dare. An abridged guide to Tootnanny's championship performance.

1



Tootnanny tenderly puts his baby to bed. Who among us hasn't had to manage a little busywork before getting busy?

2



Bam! The harried dad gets to work on the lovemaking. No small talk, no foreplay. Just a little air cunnilingus.

3



But as with all the best Air Sex routines, things quickly get more provocative. Off comes the belt, and Tootnanny simulates getting dragged around by his neck.

4



A genius like Tootnanny creates moments of subtle drama, blending creative contortions with downright filthy ones. Then, orgasm time! And that newborn? Never so much as stirs.

to the championships last year, finishing second in New York. I asked him what his routine had been. He smiled with protruding eyes, chewed gum behind his reddish beard, Hasidic in its multitudes, and said, "Incest." The routine involved a family member that was indeterminate, even to him. "A cousin," he told me. "Or a daughter."

By this December evening, I had already seen so much. I had seen multiple sex acts performed to a Miley Cyrus song. I had watched the bubbling belly of a man with a stomach tattoo—it may or may not have been the symbol of a white-power group, I'm too afraid of the NSA to Google it—hump a stage and then clean up his imaginary postcoital mess. In Phoenix, I saw a man in a bathrobe with a gold chain and a fake French name enact fake intercourse with a lotion bottle, trying desperately to become erect as his lover waited for him in the next room. And in Austin I had witnessed a woman mime the artful removal of a tampon as part of a pre-sex dance routine. I'd seen love made in ways that ignored the basic precepts of biology. I'd seen love made in ways that I

hope it is never made to me. I'd seen a lot of anal. I'd learned that too many men believe slapping or doing a two-finger flick at a vagina is a thing that a woman wants. I'd seen men pinwheel women on their penises with no regard for physics or gravity or really even psychology. I'd seen one sex act so inscrutable that it led one of the judges to remark: "You looked like a mime building a snowman, which is an erotic fantasy I have." I'd seen jackhammering. (The men who flick the vagina also believe we want the jackhammering.) I'd seen a man hump a stage like he was in a Bell Biv DeVoe video, slow and smoky, all push-ups and ab work. I'd seen a man have sex with an alien. And a dinosaur. And a robot. And fruit. Not all the same man.

I watched Air Sex performed in very crowded rooms full of drunken curmudgeons, where it was not so fun; I watched the show performed before literally five people, me being one of them, two of them leaving midway, and it was a hilarious success. In the smaller cities, the sex acts were smaller and more intimate—the squeals from the crowd arising from the mere fact that this was really actually happening. In the bigger cities, where I suppose public sex acts are de rigueur, things got a little more wild. In Los Angeles, a man dressed up as a coach blew a whistle for each thrust, apparently into the anus of an athlete in his charge.

On some nights, especially in the smaller cities, the roster of contestants can be small, and Trew has a trick for dealing with this: He pulls a blank piece of paper out of the "Fuckbucket," which is where one puts one's indication that one would like to partake in some Air Sex, and he announces something like "Goose Vagina!" He waits for no one to come up, then prods someone else into taking Goose Vagina's place. In fact, roughly half of the finalists at the championships in Austin got their Air Sex start under these circumstances, and unless they read this, they will never know that there never actually was a Howard the Dick or a Hoochie in My Poochie. It is sometimes easier to board someone else's wings to find the atmosphere at which we belong.

★ ★ ★

AIR SEX BEGAN in Japan, naturally. This was 2006. Tim League, the owner of Austin's Alamo Drafthouse, saw a news report sung to the tune of how sad it was that these Japanese guys were creating such a pathetic display. Sad? Pathetic? League thought it was hilarious. He called his friend Trew, who was already a regular judge for the air-guitar shows that the Drafthouse was hosting. Trew began hosting shows and eventually got League's blessing to take it on tour. A few years ago, he brought on his friend and co-owner of The New Movement Theater, Brock LaBorde, a handsome man with a crooked smile and a wry sense of humor. In year six, they landed a sponsorship, and with it money, which meant that winning could be a meaningful thing. Meaning you could get a sex toy and a belt.

Back onstage in Austin, Trew reminded us of the rules. (1) You may not have a partner, meaning you cannot begin to hump anyone. This sport (*continued on page 133*)

Something that should give you some hope for humanity: The poop didn't go over well. It turns out you can ride some poop to the championships, but it's too dirty to help you bring home the gold.

THE Next Ronaldo

When sensational 23-year-old soccer star **JAMES RODRÍGUEZ** scored six goals for Colombia in last year's World Cup, everybody who saw him stood up and took notice—kinda like what'll happen if you follow his lead and wear graphic black and high-energy white, a color combo that comes with a built-in kick

 Ben Watts



polo shirt \$665
Givenchy by
Riccardo Tisci
+
shorts \$35
Adidas Originals
watch
Cartier

Black and White Take the Field

• IN THE OLD DAYS (say, before 2013), if you were going to step out in black and white, it probably meant you were wearing a tuxedo. But right now ebony and ivory owe a lot more to what you might wear on a motocross bike than anything you'd pair with a cummerbund. Call it "streetwear," call it "athleisure" (actually, don't), call it "SportsCore" (we do), but some of the sharpest B&W looks these days are deeply indebted to the world of athletics. Here, James Rodríguez doubles down with details inspired by moto gear (biker jackets, pants with ribbed knees) and soccer kits (warm-up sweats, Adidas sneakers). And the way he keeps his stripes thick and extra graphic, even the referee feels like a style inspiration.

—SAM SCHUBE





jacket \$5,500

pants \$940

Balmain

+

tank top \$75

T by Alexander

Wang

sneakers \$1,150

Dior Homme



hoodie \$550

Rag & Bone

+

shorts \$195

Charlie by

Matthew Zink

sneakers \$110

Adidas Originals

socks

Pantherella

watch

Cartier

bag

Ralph Lauren





←
crewneck \$1,295
sweatpants \$795
Dolce & Gabbana
+
sneakers \$55
Adidas Originals
watch (both pages)
Cartier

→
suit \$1,145
t-shirt \$345
Emporio Armani
+
sneakers \$110
Adidas Originals
location
**Real Federación
Espanola de
Fútbol, Las Rozas,
Madrid**
hair by miguel siero
for sile peluqueros.
grooming by milko&co.
contributing stylist:
michael nash.
prop stylist: diego
sanchez, produced
by tricia sherman
for bauerfeind
productions-west.
local production
by toni palés and
carlos dengra
at insitu locations &
services s.l.
where to buy it?
go to gq.com/go/fashiondirectories

Fútbol's Freshest Face

• COLOMBIAN MIDFIELDER

James Rodríguez entered last summer's World Cup as little-known as the proper pronunciation of his first name: "ha-mes." The country's hopes had been resting instead on teammate Radamel Falcao, whose pre-Cup injury prompted Colombia's president to rush to his hospital bedside. But by the time the World Cup wrapped, 3 billion global viewers had witnessed James transform into a true superstar—claiming the Golden Boot (for most goals) and the consensus highlight of the tournament. Accordingly, he was tractor-beamed away from his club in Monaco to the galaxy of gods at Real Madrid (a routine that's more or less comparable to the Yankees signing every overachiever in Oakland). "It's a dream come true," he says of his transfer. "When you have a squad of our quality, it's very easy to play with anybody." Especially if that anybody includes Cristiano Ronaldo and Gareth Bale. Just as James was defining his new role, though, his debut season was derailed by a foot injury. Colombians from Bogotá to Barranquilla waited anxiously for the return of the man more popular in-country than Shakira. Much as he appreciates it, he encourages his countrymen to re-examine their priorities: "I only try to play good soccer. I'm not even a singer!"

—ROBERT ANDREW POWELL



LOVE
SEX &
MADNESS

That Was Good...

...But You Know What
Would Be Better?

Sex Advice
from the
Sexier Sex

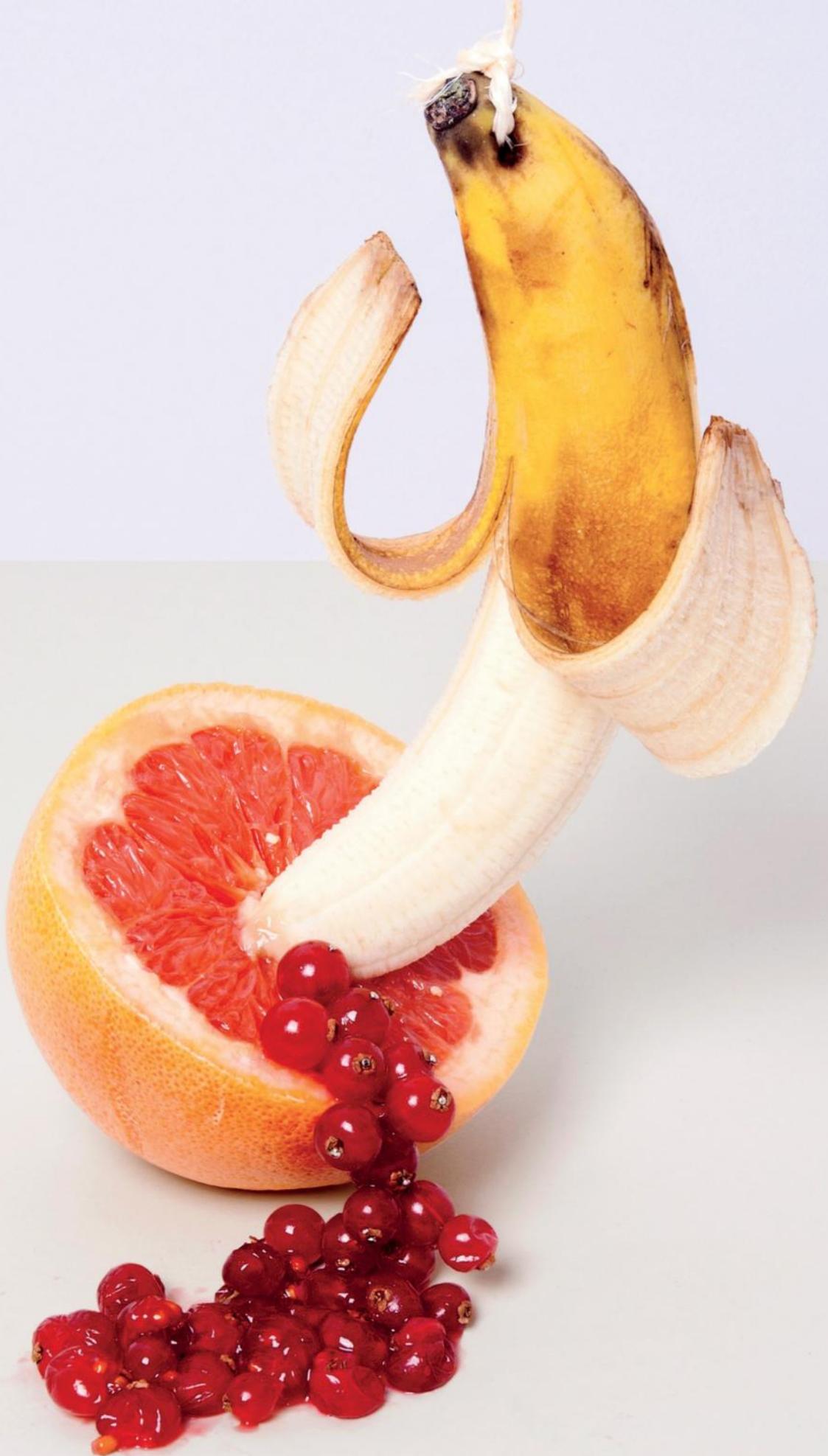




► Men, we've been lied to. By our elder brothers. By Philip Roth and Hollywood films. By the hairless power-humping porn guy. By ourselves. We took our sex advice from the wrong people (cough, men) when our only chance at having wonderful, sweaty, hallelujah-grade sex—and more of it—is to listen to the women we love. They know what they want! And they want us to know what they want! Now take notes



Lauren Hillebrandt



NEVER AGAIN BLURT OUT

"I WANT YOU INSIDE of ME, TOO!"

Unless you went to Second City, the improv skill necessary to deliver quality dirty talk during sex doesn't always come naturally. So here's a simple script you can use. Just change up the wording once in a while; this isn't the Constitution.

—LAUREN BANS

! [primal sound of human pleasure, using your choice of random letters] You are so fucking [for dads: "freakin'"] [complimentary physical adjective—like "hot," not "sturdy"]. The way you _____ [sex verb, except "boogie"] makes me insane. I want to put my _____ [body part] inside your _____ [body part] and make you _____ [pretty word for orgasm, like "come" or "explode"—not "la petite mort"]. Jesus [also acceptable: "God," "Allah," "Adonai"], you feel so _____ [hyperbolically positive adjective], I want to _____ [sex act you are currently engaged in] you _____ [exaggerated time period, like "all week"—not "until Conan comes on"].

You Should Hone Your D'Angelo Bone

The D'Angelo bone—named for the R&B singer who re-invented it as the sexiest part of the male anatomy—occurs when the muscles in the hips and lower abdomen are developed in such a way that they form a pleasing V shape pointing toward your man parts. The D-bone is why Brad Pitt was the best part of 'Fight Club,' why Marky Mark's CK ads are so iconic, and why we ever agreed to watch '300' with you. That V makes us think of victory, virility, and...what are the really filthy V-words?

A well-defined D'Angelo bone makes us think of those.

—ALLISON DAVIS



HIT YOUR V-SPOT

Trainer Josh Holland, who got Oscar Isaac in shape for 'X-Men: Apocalypse,' explains how to hone your D'Angelo bone. Do two to three sets per exercise, in this order:

SCISSOR KICKS

15–20 reps

• Lie facing up, hands under your lower back (palms down), legs extended and off the ground. Then kick up and down, with the top foot crossing over the other foot.

HANGING KNEE RAISES

10–15 reps

• Hang from a pull-up bar, legs slightly bent and feet together, and slowly pull your knees up, as if you're trying to touch them to your elbows.

PULL-UPS

5–10 reps

• While hanging, keep your feet positioned a bit in front so your body forms a slight taut C-curve. Lock into the position tightly and pull yourself up as one unit.

FOCUS GROUP

First, Kiss Better

Our anonymous female correspondents say that a successful opening involves "working soft, then hard, and then some tongue"—though never "flicking it like a snake" or using tongue "to the point of suffocation"—combined with a bit of "lower-lip biting when the timing's right." It's important to "find a rhythm." Handwork is key: "A guy's hands should be doing something," and viable options include "cupping my face," "running his hands down my arms and back," or "putting his hands on my ass if we're about to have sex." Also: "Don't slam your face into my face—it's uncomfortable."

Ask and Ye Shall Receive Human Pleasuring

► AS HUMAN BEINGS, we fear rejection, especially of the genital kind. The stone-cold fact is that some people are freaks and some people are not, so "ordering off the secret menu" requires three things: intuition, honesty, and being chill.

Intuition means treating anybody you're having sex with like a rattlesnake. Not that they're going to bite and shoot venom into you (unless you're into that sort of thing), but that you should already know their general thresholds. If your girl is strictly missionary-position Yankee Candle sex, she'll probably have to be eased into light spanking.

From there: Talk to her! Be honest! Just say you've "always wanted to try" the thing you're asking for. Make it about you—that way she has an out. "Hey, I'd like to try hang gliding someday" gives her the chance to say, "Me, too! Grab a helmet!" Or she could say, "That's fair! But I don't want to die flying into a mountain."

But let's assume she's game to hang glide through your sexual fantasies. If she's in, be chill. Plot out when the zany stuff will go down, proceed gently when the time comes, and never act like you just won an all-access pass to Six Flags: Pervsburg. If you get the sense that she's uncomfortable, be chill about that, too. Rejection sucks, but nobody ever got his asshole massaged by being one.—JULIEANNE SMOLINSKI



She's Judging Your: **Jams**

For music, there are definitely different moods. You could put on a fun up-tempo vibe or go with a classic sultry vibe. But a big no-no is putting on something that's distracting, where all you're thinking about is the song. Don't put on any Top 40 hits, don't play music where the lyrics get stuck in my head. Or anything dirty. Don't play Big Sean's 'A\$\$. I'd be, like, 'Dude, really?'

—TINASHE, MUSICIAN

► "THIS NEVER HAPPENS to ME!" ◀

How to finish strong when you can't even get started

► **YOU BOTH SWIPED RIGHT** on Tinder. You downed a bottle of wine at dinner. She put a hand on your thigh. You had The Conversation—"Want to come to my place for, uh...a drink?"—and an Uber ride later, her bra



She's Judging
Your: **Drawers**

"I have a pet peeve: ugly underwear. Briefs make you look like a little boy. Once you turn 13, get rid of 'em. Boxers make you look like a grandpa. Not cute. You know what's cute? Boxer briefs. They do good things to the body. Stick to the basics: gray, black, white. Don't make it a fashion statement. Oh, and a Speedo is a deal breaker."

—BAR PALY, MODEL

is on the floor next to your jeans. (*Hell yes!*) But wait. Something's wrong. (*Oh no. No, no, no.*) You drag out foreplay until you're nearly rubbing her nipples off. She knows something's up... because something's not up: your dick. Despite being next to a very naked woman, it's passed out like Uncle Skip after Thanksgiving. Blind with panic and shame, you blurt out, "This never happens to me!"

Listen, you going Mister Softee isn't fun for anyone involved. She knows you're lying. More important, she wants to get laid, too. And now she's left to assume that despite your charming dinner conversation and that thing you did with your tongue during foreplay, tonight will be a bust in the sex department.

But it doesn't have to be this way! It's not so hard (sorry!) to turn this penis tragedy into sexual triumph. Seriously.

First, take responsibility

Just say, "This isn't going to happen for me right now." She'll be relieved by your ability to take charge. Women understand that we're not repulsive boner killers, but it can be difficult not to take this situation personally if you don't at least acknowledge what's going on.

Leave Jamie Foxx out of it

You might be tempted to blame it on the a-a-a-a-alcohol. Don't. The reason for your sleeping giant is irrelevant. Instead, reassure her that she still turns



you on, absentee boner be damned. Do say, "This doesn't mean I don't think you're crazy-sexy. Here, let me show you."

Use your non-penis parts

Your team's superstar is down for the count, but the rest of the squad can still finish the game. You have a tongue and ten-ish fingers, right? With their skills combined, you can salvage your night—and your chance at another night—by satisfying her. If you're any good, she'll reward you with a breathy "This never happens to me." Except it'll be a good thing when she says it.

—ANN FRIEDMAN

FOCUS GROUP

Treat Her Boobs Right

For some women, "boobs are not that sensitive, so don't spend too much time on them." Otherwise, there is much you can do, such as "fondling, squeezing, cupping" and "kissing, licking, or eating pizza off of them (true story)." "Tugging on nipples is okay," as is "biting, in moderation," but "first ask the boob owner," and "don't bite hard—this isn't fucking *Twilight*." Also: "Motorboating is not sexy—it's weird."



*Whoa there, James Deen,
put down the K-Y. It's
not what you're thinking.*

FOCUS GROUP **Get Good at Going Down**

"Kiss down to her thighs," then "pause and revel in its glory." To start, "use one-third the pressure you think you should," then add "variation!" in "location, speed, and tongue width." "Pay attention to what she likes." And "use some hand action, too, to make that whole situation happen."

A Porn Star's Guide to Stealing Porn Moves

→ On set, where reigning best adult actress Carter Cruise can cut for a water break whenever she wants, she enjoys being double-penetrated. On her days off, not so much. "It's not that those things aren't good, but the way they happen in porn isn't realistic," Cruise explains. "You can take a lot of ideas from porn, but you need to understand that stuff you don't see is also involved." It's the behind-the-scenes agreements and eager-to-please respect—not the relentless dick-hammering and awkward Washington-crossing-the-Delaware staging—that women wouldn't mind you stealing from your usual XTube forays.—LAUREN LARSON

DO GET IN HER HEAD

"Every girl has a thing that gets her off, except some girls don't know what it is yet—they're not experienced. Just by asking a girl what she likes, you'll get her to think about it. When I work with a girl, it's not like I know where her spot is. I'll have already asked her."

DO ASK MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUESTIONS

"I never used to tell guys what I liked, and they would try something, then ask, 'Do you like that?' I'd be like, 'Yeah,' because I didn't know what else to say. But if a guy says, 'Do you like it better when I do this, or this?' with different options, she can pick one, and you're getting closer to what's great for her."

DON'T...UM, WELL...

"Don't go straight to the pussy. In porn, you don't see a lot of foreplay. But for women, sex is so mental. Guys think, 'Oh, I'll just start rubbing her clit and she'll be turned on.' But kiss first. I'm pretty sure I could come just from a guy kissing my neck. I'm instantly in the mood."



She's Judging Your: **B.O.**

“
Let me put it this way: Soap and water are your friends. Cultivate that relationship. Especially if you're a person who hasn't given that friendship much thought and attention recently. They are important friends of mine, so grow to love them if you ever want to be my 'friend,' friend.”

Want Great Sex? Do the Dishes

→ Men, this is a woman's brain on sex. [Holds up egg.] And this—[swings iron skillet into a running blender]—is her desire to

get carnal when the place she's in is a disaster area. No matter your seduction skills, it's a roadblock you've probably driven into: Messiness she blithely ignored while clothed—snowdrifts of laundry, teetering stacks of every cup she owns—ping-pong through her mind the second you peel down her tank-top strap.

Why is that? Possibly it's some evolutionary

hangover that demands a woman's surroundings be clean before she fills them with banana-smearing spawn. Certainly there's guilt that she's ratifying fun when there are chores to do. And maybe she just wants to stagger dreamily back to the bed without stubbing a toe on your golf clubs. No clue! Just know the fastest route to uninhibited sex is a cleaning service.

—SARAH BALL



The Incredible!

Unwinkleable

Whether you're dashing through the airport to make your flight or—like Marlins slugger **GIANCARLO STANTON**—hustling to the bank to deposit your \$325 million paycheck, you need clothes that move with you. Luckily there's a new breed of suits in stretchy fabrics that bounce back when you pull them out of your suitcase, wear them for two straight days of meetings, or even take some batting practice

 *Peggy Sirota*



A Stroke of Genius

The smartest thing about these techy, athletic suits is that they're made to look like any other suit—no built-in shin guards, kneepads, or reflectors. The magic is spun right into the fabric.

suit \$2,830
Prada
+
shirt \$550
tie \$235
and belt
Prada
shoes \$820
Church's



Give Your Work Clothes a Workout

Technical fabrics are designed to take a beating, so go ahead and wear your techy suit from the office to the gym. Hang it in a locker or stuff it in a duffel bag. And pair it with a breathable shirt, like this knit oxford—though you might wanna button yours up.

suit \$1,345
Z Zegna
+
shirt \$98
Polo Ralph Lauren
tie \$85
Gitman Vintage
shoes \$385
Allen Edmonds
pocket square
The Tie Bar
necklace
Melet Mercantile
bag
Gap

Suits Take a Seventh-Inning Stretch

• THE SUITS YOU SEE here represent the cutting edge of dressed-up-ness—an acknowledgment from Fashion Land that today's men are more active than ever and need clothes that won't rip, wrinkle, or wilt every time they turn around. The futuristic designers at Z Zegna (tagline: "Where technology meets tailoring") have built a whole brand around this basic idea. Veteran labels like Hugo Boss are now making suits with elastane. And trusty J. Crew has taken active-suited to the masses with its Ludlow Traveler Suit (opposite page), which menswear boss Frank Muytjens explains is built from a springy three-ply wool yarn. "It's so tightly twisted that all it wants to do is go back to its natural state," he says. "It's one of the hardest-working fabrics I've ever seen." —NICK MARINO





➤
suit \$700
J.Crew Ludlow
+
shirt \$168
J.Crew Thomas
Mason
tie \$19
tie bar \$15
(throughout)
The Tie Bar
sneakers \$75
Nike
pocket square
Isaia
bag
Louis Vuitton
cap
New Era
2015 lamborghini
huracán lp 610-4
Automobili
Lamborghini
America LLC



This Suit Flies First-Class

Suits made from a blend of natural cotton and stretchy elastane are designed to resist the wrinkles and sweat stains that used to plague traveling businessmen.

Radical idea: Now you can look just as fresh when you land as you did when you boarded.

suit \$458
Banana Republic
+
windbreaker \$185
Lacoste
shirt \$375
Ermenegildo Zegna
tie \$170
Fendi
sneakers \$90
Nike
pocket square Hav-A-Hank
bag
Coach Men's



suit \$1,550
Calvin Klein Collection
+
windbreaker \$645
Z Zegna
shirt \$365
Hamilton Shirts
tie \$19
The Tie Bar
shoes \$109
G.H. Bass

pocket square Brunello Cucinelli
watch TAG Heuer
backpack Nike
location (on last three pages)
San Bernardino International Airport, California
hair by David Cox for Kevin Murphy.
grooming by Sussy Campos.
prop styling by IC Molina at CLM.
produced by Steve Bauerfeind for Bauerfeind Productions-West.
where to buy it? go to gq.com/go/fashiondirectories



Miami's \$325 Million Vice

• YOU CAN MAKE THE ARGUMENT

that in today's post-steroids MLB, the pure power hitter is obsolete. Those guys—the Bondses and McGwires who made us ooh and ahh, who reminded us that "chicks dig the long ball"—are long gone. They've been replaced by five-tool speedsters, and anyway, they're all being mowed down by historically dominant pitchers. But the obsolescence argument only holds if you ignore Giancarlo Stanton, the 25-year-old Miami Marlins outfielder who's hell-bent on bringing power back—and who just signed the largest contract in baseball history for his efforts.

Stanton is in some ways a throwback and, in others, sent from the future. Baseball players these days just aren't this big (a LeBron-like six feet six, 240 pounds), and they don't hit the ball quite so far, so often (thirty-seven homers last year), and they're not this fast (Stanton was offered a few D1 college football scholarships). There's a legitimate gasp quality to his game; the possibility that he'll do something breathtaking suffuses his at-bats. Let's put it this way: When Stanton lugs his tight-end-size frame into the batter's box, you don't want to be standing in line for hot dogs.

Stanton's 2014 ended prematurely—he took an 88-mph fastball to the face with about a dozen games left in the season, suffering multiple facial fractures and some busted teeth—and for a minute, with free agency a looming threat, it looked like he'd played his last game for the notoriously stingy Marlins. It only took until November, though, for the team to back up the bank truck and secure Stanton's future. Now the face is healed (he's rocking a jaw guard twisted into a wire-frame G), and the first few checks are cashed. The only thing left to do? Re-acquaint himself with the long ball. We're pretty sure chicks still dig it.—SAM SCHUBE





Set Your Watch to the 1970s



Equal parts sporty and chunky, '70s-style watches are the forgotten gems of an era when heroic manly men sped around Formula One courses and plumbed the depths of the ocean. That retro styling will still work for you today, even if the only thing you're exploring is the fridge in your office pantry

 Robin Broadbent

The Wrist Is History

• The 1970s produced many dreadful trends—silk bib ties, for starters. However, the Era of Swank did make the sportiest, most masculine watches to date. It's nice to know that racing stripes and tangerine tickers can still fly in the workplace forty years later.

Tudor \$4,425
Omega \$8,100
Oris \$3,390
Rolex \$8,100
Bulova Accutron II \$499
IWC \$9,700
Hamilton \$1,195

styled by noemi bonazzi
at brydges mackinney
where to buy it?
go to ga.com/go/fashiondirectories

A male model is shown from the waist up, wearing a brown button-down shirt over a white t-shirt, paired with light-colored chinos. He is holding a dark fedora hat in his left hand and adjusting his jacket with his right hand. A gold-toned wristwatch is visible on his left wrist. The background is a plain, light gray.

Knock
the Stuffy
Out

Once the summer sun starts burning, the last thing you want is some stiff, heavy blazer weighing you down like a lead apron. Unconstructed sports jackets (you know, the ones without lining or padding) are the answer. We asked *Mad Max*'s

NICHOLAS HOULT
to take a break from trying to kill Tom Hardy and show you how to wear them

 *David Burton*



These
Jackets
Do All the
Tricks

An unstructured sports jacket is as finely tailored as a suit, as lightweight as a tee, and as versatile as anything in your closet. A neutral gray will go with everything from stripes to, um, spots.

sports jacket \$3,395

Giorgio Armani

+

rugby shirt \$135

Gant Rugger

pants \$770

Brunello Cucinelli

sneakers \$65

Adidas Originals

watch

Seiko

hat (both pages)

Stetson



sports jacket \$310

DKNY

+

polo shirt \$545

Brunello Cucinelli

tank top \$38

(for three)

Calvin Klein Underwear

pants \$265

Steven Alan

necklace

David Yurman

pocket square

Ivy Prester

watch

Movado

Three Ways to Wear It



Keep Your Cool at the Airport

Unlined jackets slip right off going through security and fold up into soft little headrests when Delta runs out of pillows. If they come out a tiny bit more wrinkled, all the better.

sports jacket \$279
Tommy Hilfiger

+
shirt \$128
Levi's
jeans \$185
A.P.C.
loafers \$965
Santoni
pocket square
Levi's Vintage Clothing
belt
John Varvatos
bracelets, from left
Melet Mercantile
Bottega Veneta



Lighten Up at the Office

Unless you're a partner at the firm of Stuffy, Fussy & Staid, an unlined soft-shouldered blazer is plenty dressy for any day you don't have a big meeting.

sports jacket \$2,805
Brunello Cucinelli
+
shirt \$45
Van Heusen
tie \$110
Glendon Lambert
pants \$830
Hermès
sneakers \$410
Common Projects
pocket square
Hav-A-Hank
tie bar
The Tie Bar
umbrella
Turnbull & Asser



Tee Off at the Club

No doorman at any respectable nightclub is letting you sneak by in just a tee. Fortunately, you can rock that casual vibe in an unconstructed jacket—double the points if it's a double-breasted.

sports jacket \$2,095
Canali
+
tank top \$75
T by Alexander Wang
pants \$1,360
sneakers \$740
Tom Ford
watch
Boca MMXII
grooming by larry king at streeters london. prop styling by theo politowicz at the magnet agency. produced by the production club.



where to buy it? go to gq.com/go/fashiondirectories





Top Gearhead

• **IF YOU DON'T KNOW** Nicholas Hoult as the chin-trembling spoonful of sour cream from *About a Boy*, or missed his soapy interlude on Britain's sexy sex drama *Skins*, or maybe blinked that one time he was Tom Ford's angora-wearing muse in *A Single Man*, then you know him as the *X-Men* guy—or more probably, as He Who Dated Jennifer Lawrence for Four Years, i.e., the intended target of those naked pictures you Googled, ya creep. (He's also the guy who got blamed for those photos; Lawrence cited Hoult's everyguy porn-watching ways, and the desire to extinguish 'em, as the reason behind her iPhone shoot in the first place.)

But among all his various identities, the reedy 25-year-old Brit is most anxious about living up to his current rep as a serious "petrolhead." He's into cars as a hobby, sure, but as the co-star of two epic car movies (*George Miller's Mad Max: Fury Road*, out this month; the high-speed thriller *Autobahn*, in the fall) and the frontman for Jaguar, there's added pressure. As we speak, he's just concluded a racing stunt on BBC auto show *Top Gear*—the UK fame equivalent of hosting *SNL* for the first time. "I thought, *Damn, I'd better do well on the track*, otherwise every other petrolhead round the world will know I'm not that good of a driver," he says, laughing. "Not a good look when you've done as many car movies as I've done." —SARAH BALL

All Day, Every Day

Think of it as a coat you can wear the whole season. Keep one by your door, and just throw it on without worrying whether it "matches." If it's racking up the miles, you're doing it right.

sports jacket \$395
Polo Ralph Lauren

+
polo shirt \$98
t-shirt \$85
jeans \$98
Polo Ralph Lauren

belt
Gant by Michael Bastian

pocket square
Hav-A-Hank
watch
Boca MMXII

When you are a registered sex offender in America, you lose the right to choose where you want to live. By law. Your backstory doesn't matter. Nor does the nature of your crime or your excuse. You are exiled from society, and only a few places will welcome you. Like this place in South Florida. The City of Refuge. **JAY KIRK** reports on life in an American community—yes, that's definitely the right word—like no other

 Alec Soth

WELCOME TO PACIA



havile

LOVE
SEX &
MADNESS

In the eyes of society, as sex offenders, they are all equally guilty.

I suppose in this case I am the offender. I got things confused and showed up a day early, but my hosts were more than forgiving. They've got their own little colony out in the cane fields. Down here in Pahokee, Florida. They call it City of Refuge.

As everybody now knows, sex offenders have a rough time of it after they get out of prison. Because of the registry. Because the state says they can't live within a thousand feet of a school or a playground or a bus stop. Because they can't live anywhere children assemble, etc. So they end up living out of their cars, under highway overpasses, or in the woods, like fearful animals, like homeless lepers. You could say they're lucky to be here, even if it is four miles from anything resembling a town, not much of a resemblance at that, and the "city" (really more of a village) being just a lonely former barracks built by U.S. Sugar for migrant workers in the '60s. Sixty-one concrete bungalows on twenty-four acres, with 120 resident offenders at any given time, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of acres of sweet, sugary nothing. A couple of dozen older Jamaicans still live here, too, but the sex offenders arrived six and a half years ago when Pat Powers, an offender himself, came and claimed the place in the name of Jesus Christ. They live in this exile, of course, because there is nothing lower than their kind.

Considering how welcoming they are, however, I'm inclined to resist the urge to assume the worst—and anyway, I don't particularly want to know the specifics of any of their crimes. Society has already exacted its debt, is my thinking.

I arrived on a Sunday and found my new friends just finishing up a game of touch football. Everyone was all sweaty and out of breath and still laughing about how one of the guys, Glenn, had been running a fake reverse and collided with a clothesline pole.

I apologized profusely for showing up early and offered to find a motel for the night, but one of the guys, Ted, said it wasn't a problem, not at all, we're happy to have you, we'll fix you up in our guest room. Then he introduced me to his wife, Rose. He did it very formal, like: *Jay, I'd like you to meet my wife, Rose.* Rose, who isn't the only woman in the village but who is the only registered female sex offender. I apologized some more to Rose, who has faded green tattoos on her fleshy arms and the oblique demeanor of a log-truck dispatcher, but she shrugged and made a joke that I was welcome so long as I didn't snore.

Since most of the guys were in shorts and flip-flops, it was easy to notice their ankle monitors, including one on a thuggish-looking kid with a shaved head and messed-up teeth who greets me, "Hey, Random Dude."



Another guy, a fratty blond with a brohawk who's spitting into a water bottle, turns out to be Glenn, the one who collided with the clothesline pole. He wants to tell me about his real home.

"I can't live there," he says. "I have a house in Palm Beach Gardens I can't go to." He shows me pictures on his phone. "A swimming pool. Jacuzzi. Banana trees."

Glenn looks and sounds like Matt Damon except for some pretty heavy-duty scarification on the inside of his arm. He's otherwise very clean-cut, bright, originally from L.A. He flips through more pictures. "I mean, that's the master bedroom."

The place is 5,700 square feet. Three and a half acres. His dad bought it. Glenn was going to live there rent-free when he got out, but the statute for the city of Palm Beach Gardens says sex offenders can't live within 2,500 feet of anywhere minors might conceivably congregate. They confuse the hell out of you, he says, since the distance varies. The state of Florida says 1,000 feet, but other municipalities, even within the same county, have different statutes. So it's 2,000 feet here, who knows what there. The sheriff, probation officers, nobody can keep it straight. You start to feel like they're just making it up as they go along. That's one thing that makes life at City of Refuge easier: You're not within 2,500 feet of *anything*.

"But where are we supposed to go? How are we supposed to get a job?" Glenn pauses to spit in his water bottle. "I spoke to my probation officer this morning. I had a job lined up, I was going to work in the fast-food industry just to make ends meet. But because there was gonna be minors working with me, I couldn't."

He said the reason he'd gone to prison was the same for a bunch of the younger guys here: the statutory boyfriend-girlfriend thing. It wasn't that they were all child molesters. They'd had 15- or 16-year-old girlfriends when they themselves were 18 or 19. Yes, the laws are that draconian. And yes, it's shitty that they can end up doing fifteen years in prison and then get put on the registry as sex offenders for the rest of their lives. Also shitty that there doesn't seem to be much distinction in the eyes of the law between their crimes and the crimes committed by the least equivocal and unmitigated of sexual predators, a number of whom I will get to meet over the following days.

That is, a sex offender is a sex offender, and you're branded for decades or even life. In the eyes of society, as sex offenders, they are all equally guilty. All treated with equal abhorrence. If it weren't for City of Refuge, they'd be out there on their own. Here is exile that is also asylum from the larger, unforgiving world. Here is, weirdly enough, real community. And when I say community, I don't mean that bourgeois civic vagueness you always hear the co-op crowd chattering about. I mean the kind of community that would protect you from vigilantes intent on dragging you out of bed in the middle of the night to take turns kicking your teeth down your throat.

→ Left, rush hour at City of Refuge. Opposite, clockwise from top left, the offenders: Douglas Ryan (with his dog, Goldy), Richard Sears, Pat Powers, and Chad Stoffel. (Powers, the leader of the community since 2012, has recently parted ways with City of Refuge and plans to start a separate sex offenders' village elsewhere in Florida.)



I

WAKE THE NEXT morning to the rustle of cane outside my window and the smell of bacon frying. I lie here awhile, ensconced like a spoiled cherub in piles

of gold and red throw pillows and a downy gold bedspread, looking out the window at a pitiless geometry of cane fields. They grid out as far as the eye can measure. In the distance is an enormous plume of black smoke above an orange plinth of flame. I have no idea what it means.

In the living room, the whole house is as fragrant as an ice cream shop on a warm summer day. Rose is still in her nightie on the couch where I left her last night, playing a game on her cell phone with a mini stylus, feet on the glass coffee table between a vase of white roses and a burning vanilla candle.

When she pours me a mug of coffee, I comment on the huge letters EAT hanging on the kitchen wall. Rose smiles and says the sign was a Christmas present from a neighbor. Then she waits a beat and says how, when he gave it to her, she went, Am I supposed to put that in the kitchen or in the bedroom? Another beat. She goes: I'd prefer the bedroom.

"I'm guilty. I hurt people. Those are the hardest things to accept. But once you admit you're a piece of crap—my attitude was, they couldn't punish me enough."

That's when a freshly showered Ted enters, chuckling in his smoky, affable way, to join me at the table. "It's very much just a regular community here," he says. There are several married couples and a few with kids. They've even got one stay-at-home dad who's a registered predator. A really sweet guy named Andy.

Ted and Rose themselves got married three years ago, in September, just after Ted was re-released for a probation violation. They met in the village. Rose says how her probation officer, Officer Cox, wouldn't let her go on a honeymoon. That's because Rose had a 10 p.m. curfew then. Officer Cox is like that, a real hacksaw. She'll hit you with a parole violation for a hangnail. Like, for instance, Rose has got a big soft spot for Winnie the Pooh, as I've already gleaned from the couple's video collection. But one day Officer Cox shows up unannounced, barges in, and wags her finger at all the Winnie the Pooh dolls and the pictures of Rose's children, who, per terms and conditions of probation, Rose was

barred from seeing, and she goes: I want all this shit out of here or you're gettin' violated. Just like that. *All this shit.*

Over breakfast, Ted tells me that if I want, I can sit in on an intake call, which is a conference call they're having with a possible new resident. The man's getting released from prison in a month, and he'll need somewhere to live. Ted says they've got the vacancy now because of Earl, the current black eye on the village. Earl just got sent back to prison for twenty-three years for trying to contact his victim on Facebook. Big mistake. Ted tells me how he and Pat had gone to Earl's hearings. Then he tells me that when Earl's victim testified, it made Ted remember that he had created a victim, too, and by the way he looks me in the eye, I can truly sense that some kinds of regret must have a longer half-life than others: "Earl was delusional. He thought his victim really liked him. So Earl never saw the pain he caused. That's just a reminder to me of

ASYLUM IN THE CANE FIELDS

SURE, IT'S A CONCRETE ANTI-MAYBERRY POPULATED BY DOZENS AND DOZENS OF REGISTERED SEX OFFENDERS, BUT CITY OF REFUGE IS NOT WITHOUT ITS SMALL-TOWN TRAPPINGS: A PICNIC AREA, A GATHERING PLACE FOR POTLUCKS. HERE, A QUICK VISUAL GUIDE TO THE PEOPLE AND PLACES YOU'LL ENCOUNTER IN THIS STORY.—AMANDA SHAPIRO

TIMOTHY J. REYNOLDS





◀ Ted and Rose Rodarm got married a few years ago, after meeting at City of Refuge. Both are registered sex offenders; Rose is the only female offender in the community.

I size up Pat as just your standard pugnacious fireplug who's maybe a little more pushy than actually charismatic. This is the man who says he started City of Refuge after God dragged him and Dick Witherow kicking and screaming through a staggering number of divine coincidences, wrong turns, pratfalls, and theological booby traps. He launches into a story about how the place had been a maximal den of iniquity: drug dealers, shootings, car thieves, murders, etc., with giant piles of ghetto trash in the middle of the road, and how when he'd first moved in, the pipes were burst and he'd had to sleep on a couple of lawn chairs, and how in the middle of the night he'd slain half a dozen rats with a shovel, and, honest to Pete, how he didn't want to have anything to do with the place at first, but he didn't have a choice, since God had commanded him to come here to deliver his people out of exile.

It all seems like a pretty steep story, especially the bit about how the migrant workers were so afraid of the drug dealers that they hid inside their homes until the sex offenders arrived, but otherwise Pat is pretty likable and grandfatherly in his generic red baseball cap, and every bit as welcoming as the others.

I ask about the flames, which we can see out the kitchen window.

Pat explains how they burn the cane before harvest to make it easier for the machines by getting rid of the "trash," or the worthless parts of the plant.

The fires get so sooty, Pat says, they call it Pahokee snow.

"Black snow," Pat says.

They have to sweep it from their stoops when it blankets the village. I feel like that must be some kind of metaphor, and I wonder if they think so, too, but I let it slide.

Then, while we wait for the prison to patch in the intake call, Pat tells me a bit more of his story while the others listen politely.

"It took me a long time to forgive myself," he says, with his fingers still twiddling. Without beating around the bush, he says how he had got "involved" with some racquetball players. He'd been a coach at a private club. He stares at me intently with his glinty blue eyes. "I'm *guilty*. I hurt people. Those are the hardest things to accept. But once you accept it and admit you're a piece of crap—my attitude was, they couldn't punish me enough. I thought I should have been killed at the time, okay? But then, after a while, you say, Wait a second, hold it. People have done things as bad if not worse and *they're* not being punished anymore. Okay. Why? I did twelve years. We've paid our debt to society, so now let us live our (*continued on next page*)

the very real pain that we've caused people. If there's any one thing that prevents me from ever re-offending..."

He falls silent, holding his breakfast sandwich mid-air, a pained wonder testing his eyes.

"I never, ever want to bring harm to another person. Believe me. Going to Earl's hearing—" he sets down his drippy sandwich as if suddenly repulsed—"it was more *disgust* with knowing that I caused a similar pain. That's where my disgust was, not with Earl. It was with myself."

When it's time for the intake meeting, Ted gives Rose a peck on the cheek and we walk over to Pat's, two houses down, where, on the porch, Pat's dog naps in the shadow of a ratty bench press.

"Good morning!"

"Good morning!"

The men are gathered around the kitchen table: Pat and their intake manager, Jerry, and Chad, a younger guy with peroxide bangs who's rubbing his shoulders and moaning a bit from their football game yesterday.

All of the men are offenders themselves, employed by Matthew 25 Ministries, the nonprofit started by a man named Dick Witherow twenty-six years ago. Witherow, a kindly and selfless man by all accounts, knew the hardships offenders went through in the outside world and felt they needed their own place to start over. Especially since many of

them ended up homeless, which so often led to reincarceration. So he searched Florida top to bottom, looking for a neighborhood that would comply with state and local ordinances, until he and Pat Powers found the site in 2008. City of Refuge leases about a quarter of the rentals from a property-management company, and a small percentage of the money from sublets goes toward paying the staff. When Witherow died, in 2012, Pat became the Grand Pooh-Bah of the place, with a nominally involved board of directors.

I take a seat between Chad and the wall and flip through a picture book, *Rooster's Off to See the World*. Pat, who sits at the end with his restless thick fingers interlaced on the table before him, says it belongs to his 8-year-old granddaughter.

"Mommy and Daddy got all messed up on drugs," Pat says by way of explanation, so his granddaughter had to come here for a spell. Pat took her to school every day, and Rose would come down to give her baths and fix her pancakes, because sometimes it really does take a village. (By that time, Rose was off probation, so she was able to help.) It worked out great, Pat says, since all the guys who aren't supposed to have contact with kids knew to amscray if they saw her coming. His granddaughter even got to where she'd ask if a guy was on probation. "I can't talk to you," she'd say, and that was that.

**"I'm not going to lie," says one registered offender.
"When I get off probation, I'm moving. I don't
want my kids to grow up around sex offenders."**



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

life. You know? Let me tell you, if I screw up again, *hang me.*"

I ask if he feels that Earl deserved to go back to prison for so long.

"I did not feel they did him wrong," Pat says. "Earl brought this upon himself. We told him to plead guilty. If he had pled guilty right in the beginning, we had a chance, but he didn't want to listen. I got a letter from him after he'd been sentenced, said, 'I should've listened to ya.' Well, it's too late."

Everyone around the table sighs.

"I told him to straighten it out." Pat shrugs. "And he didn't listen."

When the soon-to-be ex-con gets patched in, they lob a bunch of questions at him, about God, substance abuse, what his expectations are for when he gets out, whether he admits he's guilty, whether he thinks he'll be able to keep up on the rent, stuff like that.

"What are you gonna do to make sure you don't commit another crime like this?" Pat asks, leaning over the table.

The man's name is Chris. "Well, I mean, you gotta place God at the head of your life. You know? Which I didn't before. And I mean, I've learned from my time." As he speaks, haltingly, I picture him encased in a gray booth behind a pane of scratched gray shatterproof glass. "And you know, I've become a better person because of it. I definitely know I won't offend again."

"How do you know that, Chris?" Ted asks. There's a long pause before he answers.

"How do I know that? Well, I believe in myself. And I learned from my mistakes. I'm not into the old me anymore. I'm a born-again Christian, and it's just not me anymore. You know? I'm not that guy anymore."

They look at one another like they find that answer somehow reassuring.

Pat asks if he's got any talents, and it turns out Chris knows some plumbing. Then, after a few more softballs, they take a silent vote. All in favor nod. Four thumbs up. See, Pat says, when they get off the phone, there's always a reason God is sending a person here.

"For every guy we accept, we probably reject about twenty," he says. "You saw the process we go through. We're not just gonna take everybody charged with a sex crime. This is not a dumping ground."

"For starters, we will not take a diagnosed pedophile," Ted says. "A lot of people don't understand the true definition of that."

"People classify a lot of offenders as pedophiles," Pat says, "but diagnosed means you're attracted to one specific age group of child. We won't take 'em."

"Five to 9 years old," Ted says. "That's the only age group that they're attracted to—we cannot take those people."

Neither, Pat says, will they take serial rapists: "No person that's been convicted of more than one rape."

"Convicted of more than one?" I say.

Pat fiddles with his watch. "Let me put it this way. There was a person that lived out here—we turned him down *four different times.* But some other people went above our heads. They didn't want him living in their community. Right away I told them, listen, if anything happens, it's on you people, not on us." He pauses, lets that warning sink in. "Well, he ended up killing a woman. Raping and killing her, I guess."

He shrugs as if to say, "I told 'em so."

I'm still trying to catch up with the semantics when he drops this fresh horror in my lap. It all sounds a bit qualified. There are no *serial* rapists? What about *undiagnosed* pedophiles? So you're welcome if you molested untold multitudes of children but just weren't *convicted* multiple times? And wait: raped and murdered out here in the village, or—?

But then comes a panicked knock at the door.

Doug, or Random Dude, from the night before, comes into Pat's kitchen freaking out. He's just been down at the probation office, where they ordered him to sign a waiver to let the P.O. access his polygraph test. "I told him my conditions were therapeutic use!"

He is frantic and babbling about his terms and conditions. "According to my terms and conditions, *from my understanding!*" He is panting, eyes wild, stomping his feet on the linoleum.

"Sit down, sit down, sit down," Jerry says.

"I'm sorry." He's clenching his fists. "I'm just a little—"

"I know. That's why I'm saying sit down and take a deep breath."

Doug is spitting out a lot of names that I can't keep straight. Cox, Sharrard, Crawford. Some are judges, some probation officers.

Ted quickly fills me in as best he can: While offenders are required by law to take a polygraph, it's solely for the purpose of state-mandated sex-offender therapy. As he understands it, probation has no right to the polygraphs unless the probationer agrees, but Doug says his probation officer told him he'd violate him if he didn't sign the release paperwork. A violation can easily mean an automatic three months in jail.

"Yeah, well, there's more," Doug says. The P.O. was toying with him. "He said, 'Right now, I have nothing saying that you even *took* your polygraph. Which leaves you on grounds of violation.'"

"Okay, call Ben," Jerry says.

"I already contacted Ben!" Ben is the sex-offender therapist who holds group sessions in the village. "Sharrard's threatening to violate me right now! He's starting to take it to court. In the works *right now.*"

"Okay. Stop." All eyes turn to Pat. "From the time you walked in, describe what happened."

"He looked at my ankle monitor," Doug says. "And he brought up the polygraph. I told him I took the polygraph and Ben has the results."

"Right," Pat says.

"He told me that I was on grounds of violation because he doesn't have it, and that he's willing to take it to court. I told him to take it to court, because from my understanding—"

Pat snaps: "Don't get in conversation with probation officers, okay?"

"Well, he kept pushing me and pushing me and pushing me. He said, 'You're on grounds of violation right now.' So at that point, I thought I was gone. I thought I was going to jail."

"Okay, Crawford's your judge?"

"Yeah."

"Did you sign the paper?"

"Did not sign the paper." But Doug says the P.O. then claimed that there was some special statute that gave him the right to the polygraph regardless. He looks terrified.

"There's no statute," Pat says. "If they had that right, you wouldn't have to sign the waiver. When he says he's gonna call your judge and this and that, that's bullcrap."

I'll later gather that Pat's advice is not entirely spot-on, and that the issue of the polygraph is just one more punji-spiked hole of contradictions that leaves the already uncertain offender on even shakier ground. The whole matter confuses offender and probation officer alike. Regardless, after Doug leaves, Pat says how this was a good example of the silver lining to their communal banishment. Unlike in the real world, where probation officers can corner them alone like rats and lie and get away with it, here they have a degree of protection that comes with collective experience. And the ministry's got their back. Not that any of the ministers on their board of directors ever come out here. They don't really know what's going on, Pat says. They all think it should be like a drug and alcohol rehab center, which is just totally the opposite. The offenders aren't here to be rehabilitated. They're here because they have no other choice.

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ROSE IS STILL on the couch with her video game when we get back, and Ted jumps on her and they grab-ass a little. "Don't worry, Jay," Ted says, laughing, "we're both registered sex offenders!"

Since they seem to want me out of the house, I go over to interview the registered predator who's the stay-at-home dad, Andy Jones. His wife, Nydia, is at work—she's a manager at Domino's—and Andy's little girl,

What does nag me is the way the residents advocate for themselves as if the discrimination they suffer is really no different than that of an oppressed minority group.

a 4-month-old, is taking a nap. His 1-year-old son is in the playpen in the corner. Andy sits on the edge of his couch, a spiderweb-tatted elbow propped on his knee, and tells me he feels being listed as a predator is a bit harsh, since it sounds like he's out there nabbing kids off the street, when, yeah, he should have immediately stopped when his 11-year-old sister by adoption caught him "messin' with myself"—he was 17—but at least he's got no regulations against being around his own kids, thank God.

He's on the registry for life, yes, but once he's off probation, he won't have to volunteer his status as an offender to prospective employers. And his probation officer won't be able to sabotage him anymore.

His son is standing up in the playpen, a little rickety on the legs, holding a blue plastic guitar. The kid looks at me, lip curled, and whams out an air chord.

Andy tells me his whole life story, and I'll tell you, it's all pretty sad. Hard not to feel that a lot of his troubles correlate pretty powerfully with everything that led up to the black minute where he found himself pointing a hunting rifle at his father's chest. And while there's no need to go into it all, all that cause and effect, I am left with the impression that, at bottom, he really is a pretty decent guy in spite of everything. I'd give him a job referral in a heartbeat.

Andy doesn't associate with too many in the village, because, despite what Pat says, there's a good number here who got convicted, went to prison, got out, recommitted, got convicted again, often for multiple victims, etc. He says the minute he hears there's somebody new here, he looks them up on the registry.

"I look 'em up to find out their victims' age," he says. "I mean, nothing against Pat, nothing against a lot of people out here." He sighs. "But

I'm not going to lie. When I get off probation, I'm moving. I don't want my kids to grow up around sex offenders."

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THE NEXT DAY, Andy is among the now familiar faces at sex-offender therapy with Ben. The therapist is dressed in a powder blue polo shirt from the Ritz-Carlton Golf Club, pleated khakis, a silver-tipped black belt, and hyper-polished black shoes. He looks like he does a lot of glute exercises. His Mercedes C250 is parked out front, and today he has arrived with his very attractive blonde associate (silver thong sandals, deep blue toenail polish) who also leads sessions but today is just here to observe. As it turns out, so is Ben, since Pat hijacks the meeting not five minutes in to deliver a sermon of sorts. He wants to give the guys a few reminders, in light of recent events vis-à-vis Earl.

"People are being stupid, okay? I want to warn you guys. You know when the sheriff's office comes to check your ID and asks you questions and stuff? You're being taped. They're recording it. They don't have to tell you." Pat tells the guys how he got to hear the tape at Earl's hearing. "From the time they knocked on his door, *knock knock knock*. Earl opens the door. They say, 'Can we come in?' He says, 'Sure, come on in.' They sit down. They're

talking to him. 'Can we look at your computer?' 'Sure.' Thinking he's smarter than them! Then he says, 'Oh, by the way, there's some porn on there.' *Okay!?* He's hanging himself!"

Pat then narrates what it was like when they brought Earl's victim into the courtroom. "She said she wanted him to rot in prison. *And he snickered at her.* The judge saw. At that moment, we all knew he was done. Just stupidity upon stupidity. Do you invite the sheriff's office into your house? Do you invite somebody to look at your computer? No! Never! Especially when you know you got porn on it! *Gentlemen.* I'm gonna tell you this: Start using your brains. We got another problem. Girls being brought out here. Crack whores. You got one in the car with you? You got one in your home? She's got drugs on her, they bust that house, guess what? Who's going to prison? Her? Hell no. You are! Don't mess with crack whores. I'm just asking you guys to use your heads. I'm not just standing here telling you these things because I want to talk...."

Though talk he does. In fact, he somehow manages to fill the hour until the end, when he finally opens the floor. It seems that some new guys are having trouble with Richard. Richard being, I take it, the extremely menacing-looking individual two seats down from me, clad in black, with an arrowhead necklace, a cane, and the general shibboleth of a



• Choir practice at the nondenominational chapel in City of Refuge.

motorcycling bounty hunter. Richard, it turns out, is the much afflicted den mother at the transition house, the bungalow next door to Ted and Rose's place, which helps new residents get adjusted to life outside prison before they fully assimilate into the village. The longer the newbies complain how Richard won't let them turn down the A/C, the tighter the man clenches his cane to hold back whatever quaking hot emotion he's holding back, and the more it feels the meeting will end in violence.

Fortunately, it does not.

It is Richard who will tell me later, back at the transition house, and without much sugar on it, how he had molested his twin stepgranddaughters. He says they were 11 years old at the

There's a rusted pig roaster in one yard, lopsided palm trees, laundry hanging in the dead air. Planted in one lawn is a sign that reads THOU SHALT MIND THEY OWN BUSINESS.

time. Both of them together. He was 51. He says he takes responsibility for what happened, he was the "grown-up," but after eight years in prison, what really rips him is how offenders get stigmatized when there's so much worse in the world. Seriously, he says, which was worse? Killing kids or just molesting them? Had he killed any children? No. And which was worse for a parent? To have their kids molested but at least *alive* and still be able to go to therapy afterward, or to have them be dead? Obviously, he said, most parents were going to say it was better when their children didn't get killed. But, see, his point is, people who murder children get off easier. And drug dealers, whose influence so often led to children getting pimped out, abused, or killed, well, after they served their time, *they* didn't have to register online, *they* didn't have to tape up signs announcing they'd moved into your neighborhood. Who's gonna mess up your kid more: a child molester or a drug dealer? A drug dealer takes your 8-year-old, 10-year-old, gives her drugs, and then turns 'em into—he hesitates. "What's a polite word for that?" he says. "Streetwalkers. To earn money to buy more drugs. To me, that's one of the worst things you can do." Richard fondles his cross. "They're actually molesting that child more than we are."

He thinks this bias comes from the skewed way "society" looks at things. It's irrational. People are irrational. "Having your child molested becomes a personal thing."

• • •

I'M MORE THAN a bit addled from my talk with Richard. This is not made better by the fact that before I left, he forced on me several gifts, including an arrowhead crucifix to match his own (he makes them in his spare time) and an eight-by-eleven laminated poem he wrote in prison called "Another Day" that begins "Oh God in heaven thank You for giving me another day to take a look at myself..."

I need to clear my head, so I go for a walk. I do admire that the experiment here has given an undeniably over-punished group a voice.

I have no examined legal opinions whatsoever about whether it's fair for offenders to be pilloried on the Internet for the rest of their lives when the same laws don't apply to drug dealers and murderers, and I don't imagine I'll ever feel qualified to pass judgment on such things. What does nag me, however, is the way they advocate for themselves as if the discrimination they suffer is really no different than that of an oppressed minority group. I've heard Pat start in twice now about how he really gets the plight of the Jews in Nazi Germany because he says he's seen the sheriff's office show up in the middle of the night and enter people's homes without much ceremony. I likewise cringe when I hear him start pushing for membership in the local Rotary Club, as if the next step to respectability is only a matter of savvy networking. (I also must tell you, lacking a less awkward place to insert news of this development, that in the time since my visit, Pat did in fact pull off some sort of entrepreneurial coup, has absconded and registered his own nonprofit under the name Miracle Village Ministries in the wake of being "let go" by the board of directors—banished, that is, from the exile he himself helped build here.)

Walking around the village, I see a few retired cane workers out on their porches playing cards. There's a rusted pig roaster in one yard, lopsided palm trees, laundry hanging in the dead air. Planted in one lawn is a sign that reads **THOU SHALT MIND THEY OWN BUSINESS**. I pass a weed-cracked basketball court, and a dilapidated picnic shelter on top of which is perched a turkey vulture. It watches me with barren eyes. Then I come to the end of the road, which abruptly dead-ends against the cane.

I turn back down Caribbean Avenue, where I run into a Jamaican man in his driveway. He has the day off, he says, because of rain yesterday. He explains how it's the harvest, and that's why I'm seeing the fires. He says his name is Mr. White. I introduce myself and say how the village seems like a peaceful place. Does he mind sharing his community with sex offenders?

"It's my first-time experience, this, you know?" he says. "Since they come here, I ain't got no problem with it. Nobody bother me. If they say hi, I say hello, and that's it." He says when the offenders first moved in, people were given a kind of heads-up and told they could move if they wanted or stay if they wanted.

I ask if it's true there was a lot of crime before.

He says back in the '80s there used to be some break-ins. "Sometimes we'd go to work and come home and they would break in and steal things." But that was a long time ago. "No shootings."

Then he beckons me to follow him over to his neighbor's, where there's a little garden fenced off by old windowpanes. Chickens mill about. Gospel music pumps out of the house. Mr. White knocks several times on the screen door before an elderly gentleman comes out. The man is dressed in a pinstriped shirt that's been adorned with gold appliqué giraffes and lions and elephants.

Mr. White introduces me and tells the old man what I'm up to.

"I ain't gonna comment on that one," the man tells me. "I am a Christian."

"I'm not judging them," I say, maybe too eagerly. "I try to give people the benefit of the doubt."

The old man nods. "Always."

I say I'm curious, however, since I was told that the place was dangerous before the offenders got here.

"Ohh. That what they say?" He ponders this as a slim breeze ruffles the giraffes on his shirt. "Well, I don't know."

"They say when they get here, it was rough?" Mr. White asks.

"They say it was beyond rough," I say.

"Wow," the old man says. "Beyond rough!"

"What they mean by it was rough?" Mr. White says.

I tell them how Pat said when he first came that he was approached by at least three people selling crack. That there were multiple shootings. That he had to kill half a dozen rats his first night.

"I never hear of that," Mr. White says. "Well, you know, whenever time they start harvesting the cane, burn it, you gonna see a lot of rats looking for cover."

"Especially in the winter," says the old man.

"Sure, and that's about it," Mr. White says. "I never hear about no drugs here."

"He also said God brought him here," I say.

"Oh?" The old man raises his eyebrows. "So God brought him here? Maybe it's his opinion. Could be his opinion."

The old man leans against the washing machine parked on his porch. He seems to be considering, and reconsidering, what I've reported to him. "So you say since he move here, the place do better?"

The gospel is pumping up with a male solo. *I remember. I remember. I remember. I remember. I remember.*

I repeat what I'd heard about the giant piles of trash, the car thieves, how the offenders cleaned it all up and transformed it into a peaceful commune. I also say I'd been told that it was so bad that they, the cane workers, all hid in their homes because they were too scared to go outside.

"Oh, no, no, no," Mr. White starts to laugh in disbelief. "The only thing, like I tell you, way back, *way back*, we used to have some break-ins. But them people aren't here no more." He says again how that was back in the '80s. The offenders only turned up six and a half years ago.

"I don't know what he's talkin' about," says the old man.

Both men moan and shake their heads.

I ask what it was really like before the offenders came.

Suddenly the laughter turns off. There's a worrisome lull while the music pulses and wails. "I don't know," the old man says. He seems reluctant to speak. "All I know is that all my children ain't here. I had my grandchildren

**And there they are.
Friends and neighbors,
gracious hosts, right there
on the registry for all to
fear. Once I start reading,
it's not as if I can stop.**

here, and now they ain't here no more."

"That's what I was trying to tell you," Mr. White says to me.

The old man looks sad. He clears his throat and glances at the chickens pecking his lawn.

Mr. White speaks for him. "When them people, the sex offenders, come here, they say who want to go, go." He says some officials came out before they moved in, going door-to-door, to inform them that no children should live here anymore. So the older man's grandchildren had to move.

"They got to go. Because of the sex offenders," Mr. White says. "They say no kids can stay out here, so I don't know."

So for the offenders to find their own corner of heaven, to create their own community out of exile, another community had to be displaced. That's what I'm hearing. This was the real offense. Those were the terms and conditions for the families who had already been compelled once to leave their homes to seek a better life in the cane.

• • •

WHEN I GO BACK to the house, Rose is on the couch playing her cell-phone game, as usual, while Judge Judy presides on TV: *Hey! I'm talking. Do you understand? Well, you know what sometimes happens, and I don't know if it happened here. Maybe we'll find out, maybe not....*

I am suddenly overtaken by an unwhole-some urge. It's an underhanded impulse that can't possibly lead to any good. I know I ought to ignore it. Best not to put myself in a position where I know specifics. It's impossible to give the benefit of the doubt—impossible not to judge—when you have too many specifics. But I go to my room anyway, close the door, and sit on the edge of the bed. I wait to see if the urge will pass. When it does not, I go ahead and open my laptop.

Then I tap in my present coordinates, zip code, address, and then, with the sugary sludge of adrenaline in my gut, the words "sex offender."

And there they are.

Friends and neighbors, gracious hosts, right there on the registry for all to fear. Once I start reading, it's not as if I can stop. I see all the young guys who got slapped with the statutory charge, and I wonder anew at the twisted laws of this state. At the permanence of the stigma. But my skin grows colder with each click. A new wave of dread at each mug shot. It's like getting a peek at a bundle of autopsy photos on a crime show, when a cop drops a folder to reveal a bit of unwelcome if titillating exposition. Traveling to meet a minor. Lewdly fondle. Lascivious molestation. To solicit or obtain. Commit or simulate. Force or entice. The lighting of a mug shot would make anyone look suspicious, I think. But, Jesus, as I read on, how fast the oozy depths rise to the surface. Random Dude. Stay-at-home Andy. My new friends, whose peaceful snores have lulled me to sleep these past few nights. And—what?—that pugnacious old charmer could have faced a 480-year maximum sentence? Then, after reading an arrest report about Richard and his twin stepgranddaughters, I discover, almost inconceivably, that the version presented to me—as tabloid nightmarish as it already was—was *sanitized*. This is so much

more sickeningly brutal. Perhaps he had been merciful to spare me, but his diluted and self-serving version doesn't begin to capture the depravity of it. Offended at myself for having looked, I close the laptop, thinking, *No one should ever see this, I will keep what I have seen to myself*, and then I go in the bathroom to splash cold water in my face before I make my way to choir rehearsal and potluck.

• • •

AND IT IS THERE, in the village's tiny chapel, sitting in the pews with a paper plate of chicken in my lap, that I'm once again moved by the saving grace of what the offenders have created for themselves here. We watch Doug, who struggles up at the pulpit to get through a reading, but because he is joined by one of the others, he does not have to struggle alone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I suck at reading, so don't make fun of me."

"We'll find something else to make fun of you, Doug. You know that," Jerry drawls from up front.

Doug reads on, struggling to make his way through the passage. "We begin to see our differences as. Oh. Difficulties. As our light and moments struggle. Oh, momentary. Momentary troubles. Just as..."

His friend whispers: *Apostle*.

"Apostle Paul described his gen-eral?"
Grueling.

"Oh. Grueling order. *Ordeals*."

His friend gently advises Doug to "sound it out."

One has to be moved by the kindness of the men in the pews, by their notable lack of judgment, the absence of taunts, how patiently and generously they wait for him to hack through the Lord's thorny terms and conditions.

And then, when Doug finishes, the others join him up on the stage. The choir director tonight, a guy named Jermel, takes his position behind a keyboard.

"This first song, some of you may know from the old school hymn. We're gonna jazz it up a bit. Uh, band, right quick on the chorus."

Once the drummer clicks off four, the band lifts and the choir begins to sing, and I am floored by how tight the men are. It's a thumping happy Jesus stomp. The choir is loving God with everything they've got. They are really together. Singing as if to expunge their names from the registry itself. To get their names back in the book of life. The rafter lights flash swirls of pink and blue, and the words are projected on the wall: **YOU ARE WORTHY!**

"You are wor-thy!"

"Bring it down some, bring it down," Jermel calls.

"You are wor-thee."
"Here we go! Talking to me."
"You are wor-thy!"
"You are wor-thee."
"Let's try it again!"
"You are wor-thy!"
"You are wor-thee."

The cymbals flare and the men sway, with eyes pressed tight to better believe the words for all they're worth, louder and louder, and whether or not this is true only they themselves can know.

JAY KIRK's last article for GQ, an essay about his attempt to stop cursing, appeared in the August 2013 issue.

AIR SEX



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is all about "making love to nothing at all." (2) All orgasms must be simulated. "When you come onstage," he said, "you may not come on stage." I also observed some unspoken rules: that making noises or speaking, while not formally prohibited, does not play well with audiences; that trying to look hot, rather than ridiculous, plays even worse; and that what plays worst of all is simulating a non-consensual sex act. When contestants do it, they are shut down immediately, removed from the stage, and made to feel not so good about their choices.

Trew introduced the judges. Among them were Jonathan Evans, director of *Air Sex: The Movie*, a documentary about the tour; LaBorde; Rob Gagnon, a very funny stand-up who joined a leg of the tour and does a great bit on circumcision ("Where my skinheads at?"); and Tori Black, a porn star whose very vagina was the model for the Fleshlight™ being given away this evening. Black wore a Lycra dress that seized every opportunity to ride up well above her actual vagina; it happened especially when she stood up at random and plentiful times to bend over and shake her butt at the audience, peering over her shoulder with a moany, orgasmic face. It was not always clear why she was doing this.

We court sex, we avoid sex,
we prohibit sex, we
make rules for sex—all for
this thing we all do all the
time, this thing that is
literally the stuff of life. **Air**
Sex is as real as it fucking
gets, because sex is as real
as it fucking gets.

In my time following this gang, the least impressive judges were always the porn stars. The best way to judge Air Sex is as an athletic and creative endeavor, which is why the stand-ups and sportswriters tend to do well. The porn stars make everything too porny. They should be the right fit—this is sex, after all—but in their excessive lasciviousness and their sexed-up wordplay, they come across as desperate and tonally wrong, not unlike the performers who get raped.

Something that should give you some hope for humanity: The poop didn't go over well. It turns out you can ride some poop to the championships, but it's too dirty to help you bring home the gold. Jimmy Death Nuts and Wonton Soup learned this the hard way. Wearing nothing but American-flag



To discover the finest competitors in all the land, Air Sex commissioner Chris Trew, right, staged regional contests in nearly two dozen American cities.

underwear, Jimmy mimed blowing a guy, tickling his testicles, and probing his butt with his tongue, then pulled out a king-size Baby Ruth—stored in his tube sock—and mimed defecating on his imaginary partner. He got a polite laugh from the audience.

Wonton Soup did not. His *first* move was to pull out the poop, and it was just too much too soon, even for this crowd. Where do you go from there? One judge said, “That was totally gross.” Another judge, perplexed, asked, “Were you vomiting while you came?”

At the regional-round Austin stop back in August, Mighty Joe Hung, whose routine is a tribute to hyper-consensuality—*can I do it now? can I use another finger? stop laughing!*—was an instant winner, winning not just a Fleshlight™ but the brand’s Stamina Pack™.* One of the more veteran judges had given him high marks: “Consent is sexy.” Now, at tonight’s championship, he had refined his routine so that it was even wittier: It was still set to “Wrecking Ball,” the Miley Cyrus song, but this time it was coordinated, like a ballet. There he was, asking her not to laugh at him. There he was, feeling grateful. There he was, asking if maybe three fingers are too much? At each break into the chorus, he was screwing it up and getting it wrong to the point where everyone at the Mohawk was awash in frustration. Then, at the last moment, he took charge and control, and when that final chorus played, he was *doing it*. The room exploded with applause and—is that...? Yes it is!—actual confetti fell from the balcony.

(May I break from my unbiased reporting to say that Lawrence of Alabia was my

favorite? To Christina Aguilera’s “Genie in a Bottle” he finds a lamp, rubs it, gets three wishes: a bigger penis, which he then takes his time unrolling from his pants; sex with the genie; and his final wish, the genie ejaculating onto his face, which is not something I deciphered correctly at the time but was later explained to me. What can I say? I love literal song interpretations, and honestly, we forget how great a song that is.)

And finally there was Tootnanny, a man who understood the tension created by holding a pretend baby onstage when the crowd knows this is about sex. This time, though, the baby was just a red herring. First he put it down for

Making noises does not play well with audiences.

Trying to look hot, rather than ridiculous, plays even worse.

a nap, closed the door (phew), and then got busy with married sex that involved: inserting a tampon, removing the tampon, sucking on the tampon like it was a Popsicle, removing his belt, tying the belt around his neck... And then I stopped taking notes, but you can see the rest thanks to the miracles of YouTube. We all hooted and hollered for Tootnanny, so grateful were we that he didn’t have pretend sex with that pretend baby.

And now the Fuck Off: competitive Air Sex’s moment of truth. It’s how the winner is decided. First, the judges choose the three top performances of the evening. Then the trio is summoned back onstage to engage in a simultaneous performance, each of them in their own little imaginary sex world, all to the same song. The champion is determined by audience applause.

Our finalists were Tootnanny; a freckly, fine-boned woman who called herself Rod; and God Bless My Pussy, who had been

tricked into performing by Trew. (“Is there a God Bless My Pussy in the house?”) They were required to perform to the song of the year, at least in my household: “Let It Go,” from *Frozen*. Rod, playing a meathead in a trucker hat who watched the big game while encouraging a woman to go down on him, sloppy-drunk beer and thrusted. God Bless My Pussy pranced around. Tootnanny continued to ride his pretend wife in a way that would not wake up their sleeping baby.

The room was united in humping, drunken enthusiasm. There was no denying it: Tootnanny was the winner, bringing home to the city of Brooklyn its first title since the Dodgers left in the 1950s. The other competitors rose to the stage to cheer him on and maybe would have hoisted him on their shoulders—had he not been wearing only white briefs, perhaps they would have. The only contestant who hung back, offstage, was Mighty Joe Hung, disappointed that he couldn’t score a win at home, not even with the confetti.

Joe was probably just a sore loser, but I’ll say this in his defense: Maybe he knew better than everyone else that this truly was not a fucking game. There is anxiety and insecurity present in every sexual act onstage, and in every sexual act everywhere. We don’t like to think of America as hyper-puritanical, but it is. We have five different ways to rate a movie; we have a game called Taboo; we have a special city where people go to enact, and then escape from, their most libidinous or dumbest versions of themselves. We court sex, we avoid sex, we prohibit sex, we make rules for sex—all for this, this thing we all do all the time, this thing that is literally the stuff of life. Air Sex is as real as it fucking gets, because sex is as real as it fucking gets. So we gather around in a place like the Mohawk to watch the great big cosmic joke: how stupid we look when we’re doing it.

TAFFY BRODESSER-AKNER is a GQ correspondent.

* I never saw inside the pack, but since you’re surely wondering... According to the Fleshlight™ website, it includes: one (1) patented SuperSkin™ Fleshlight™ sleeve; one (1) exclusive Gold Fleshlight™ case; some Fleshlight™ Renewing Powder, which is probably a great thing to apply to your genitals; one (1) 4-ounce container of Fleshwash™, which, I mean, isn’t water flesh wash?; and of course a “FREE e-guide for increasing your stamina,” which is maybe pictures of nuns with acne? Your mother? A mirror?



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Finally there's the car and she dives in and I dive in after her and before the car even pulls away, she's already on the phone with Kris.

"Why the fuck would you let [poor security guard's name redacted] leave without me, Mom! We just got fully attacked!"

Outside the car, dozens of crazed French teenagers are banging on the windows and Sebastian looks desperate, trying to floor the accelerator but also not be guilty of murder. Kendall's calling Bruce now, maybe because Bruce is the parent who makes her feel safe. "Hi, Dad, I just got almost killed by a million kids," she says, breathing in that hysterical way where the air won't actually come. "I don't know how many it was, really, but it felt like 30,000. The driver literally had to push bodies. *Kend-all! Kend-all! Kend-all!*..." She's saying her own name in a French accent, repeating it over and over again, as they did when they were grabbing at her, and I look over and she's looking down at her hands and her hands are shaking.

• • •

THIS NEXT BIT may seem like a borderline unsympathetic observation to make about a teenager who was nearly trampled by a mob, though I don't mean it that way. But this is the realest moment I witness, hanging around Kendall Jenner. Part of this I'm sure is a 19-year-old's natural walls-up reaction to a disheveled, note-taking stranger following her around all day, a certain cordial but self-protective lack of affect; part of it, though, might have to do with her family's working definition of "real."

One thing you quickly realize about Kendall is that she is part of not one but two reality productions—the first being the one we're familiar with, the one for which she gets paid by E! But then it turns out there's also a second reality show, for want of a better word, that encompasses a good bit of her real ("real?") life. As we make our way around Paris, my phone begins to vibrate with a steady stream of friends and loved ones back home who are tracking my movements through posts on TMZ and the Daily Mail. The paparazzi attention around Kendall and her family is so constant that there is essentially a real-time feed on their movements available to anyone who might be curious. As a result, simply living in the Jenner orbit—eating, moving from place to place, going out at night—becomes a kind of performance.

I can't figure out if Kendall is completely aware of and at ease with this fact (likely) or she's been so consistently exposed to it from such a young age that she doesn't notice it at all. And when I ask about the show itself, and its "reality" or lack thereof, we might as well be speaking two different languages.

What happened was this: I wondered if she ever felt like she was playing a character on *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, like there was some more authentic self that maybe she saved for off-camera. Her answer: "No, not at all."

"It's completely me," she says, about the person you see on television. "I don't know how I'd have to play a character."

But there are story lines, right? The producers shape the raw footage into narratives.

"Well...no. Because it's all our real life. It's all real, so when there's a story line, it's all done after the fact that we've filmed, because that's obviously how it makes sense, because that's just how it actually happened."

In one of my favorite *Kardashians* spin-off episodes, "Bitch Slapped," Khloé discovers Cuban coffee and becomes a trembly, insomniac caffeine addict for the length of precisely one episode, cruising around Miami on a scooter until dawn. So I try one more time.

That may have happened, but that probably also was something producers needed to dramatize the show...no?

"No, she was really out that night," Kendall says, laughing a strained laugh that I only really hear once. "I know what you're talking about. She was really out that night till like 5 A.M. Or whatever time it was."

And who knows, maybe she really was out to whatever time it was! There are moments around Kendall and her family where it seems like they're maybe more comfortable with the on-camera version of their lives than the version of those lives that is happening in real time. Later that evening, speeding through the Paris night on our way to a Balmain dinner in an SUV that now includes Kris, Kendall, Ashlee, and Gigi Hadid, I watch as both Kris and Kendall review the day's events on their phones, TMZ's trademark bullet-fusillade sound oscillating back and forth between mother and daughter. Kendall is watching footage of the mob scene earlier, now as cool as an athlete reviewing game tape. "I can't believe they were pulling me that hard!" she says with hardly a trace of anxiety, like she wasn't there, in the thick of it, fighting just to stay upright. Like it happened to some other person entirely.

Then we arrive in front of Kanye and Kim's apartment to pick them up on our way to dinner, and just before we do, Kris's phone rings. Her ringtone is "Gold Digger," and that's the moment I give up on reality, too.

• • •

A FEW DAYS later, we have breakfast at the Four Seasons. I would ask her what she's been up to, but I already know. I'd seen photos online of the outfit she wore to an Estée Lauder dinner last night, pictures of the crazed fan who tried to kiss her while she and Gigi Hadid were placing a lock, per Paris tradition, on the Pont des Arts bridge. I ask if that's weird for her—that I have a good idea about how she's spent her time these past few days—and she says no, actually, not at all. "It does not faze me," she says. "I mean, like, you don't know what I'm doing tomorrow. You know what I mean?"

I say I do know what she means, but that I'm actually curious where the line is, between public and private, and then immediately after saying this, I find it. As she

and I speak, the *Us Weekly* on newsstands has Bruce Jenner on the cover, with the cover line "Bruce's Journey: How He Told His Kids," and I ask if she's comfortable, for instance, having news of her father, who may or may not be undergoing a gender transition, out in the world. "That's not about me, so we can move on," she says, politely enough. And then I say something that I regret, once I see the stricken look on her face, pointing out that it is about her—her name is on the cover, too: "Kendall & Kylie finally hear it from him as cameras roll!"

"All that is bullshit," she says, looking down, suddenly visibly uncomfortable. "I don't even know what they're talking about, so I have no idea."

I stammer out one more unwelcome question, about whether she's upset because it's true or because it's not true, the story about her dad, and she says, "That is not for me to answer." And then there is a long silence that I eventually attempt to fill, asking again where she draws the line between public and private, as if I didn't just find out the answer

She's the most followed model on Instagram. Twenty-one million followers! And she doesn't even blink before she posts. "I'm just like, 'Cool picture! Post it!' Done."

firsthand. "That's why this life is different," she says, responding anyway. "That's why this life isn't normal. You know what I mean?" And it's the first and only time she admits this, that this life isn't normal at all.

Still, she says, once we both recover our bearings, it's working out for her so far. Just moved out of her parents' house, into a Beverly Hills condo of her own, paid for with her own money. Lots of light, all the surfaces spotless. "I'm super OCD, so everything is clean," she says. She's one year into walking prestigious runways, and now that she's getting the hang of it, she's looking forward to the next one. Already she's the most followed model on Facebook and Instagram, second only to Tyra on Twitter. Twenty-one million followers on Instagram! And she says she doesn't even blink or feel freaked-out before she posts things. "I just don't think of it like that. I don't at all. Like, I'm just like, 'Cool picture! Post it!' Done."

She's doing the television show now because she wants to. Didn't choose it the first time. But now she has.

I ask if she ever wonders what it would be like, though—life without *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*. Life after *Kardashians*, even.

"It's actually really hard for me to think of," she says. "But that day will come, and it'll be fine."

Better or worse, do you think?

"I'll have to wait," she says. "But I don't think it would be worse. Everything that happens is still going to happen, just minus the cameras."

ZACH BARON is GQ's staff writer.



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on, it was just anybody and everybody who could and would. I would look for people who I perceived could not get sex because of their looks, their age, or their body size, because I thought those people would be more available.

The first guy, I met him on Craigslist my junior year. I remember going over to a seedy little apartment. He was a couple of years older than me, and he was actually a cross-dresser. He asked me if I wanted him to cross-dress for me, and I said no. Not a lot happened that first time. I got some oral sex but didn't have an orgasm. It was really awkward. I buried that experience from everybody because I was so ashamed. I've never really found myself attracted to men. It was truly the most convenient, expedient way for me to get sex, so I took it.

Jacob would scrupulously research prospective partners: "Not that it ever fazed me, but you hear the stories about people getting murdered or killed or whatever online." If he couldn't document a person's real-life identity, he wouldn't meet them. He began writing a program for a kind of "dead-man's switch," a piece of software that, if he didn't log in within a prescribed period of time, would e-mail to friends the last street address he'd visited.

The month before I got engaged to Ashley, I went to see a much older woman, probably forties, who was just looking for sex with a younger guy. I had unprotected sex with her. That was the first time in my life that I had ever had intercourse. I don't think I've ever felt despair like that in my whole life. I remember driving home just screaming, because I knew that I had just destroyed my relationship with my girlfriend. She's not going to stick around with a guy who's done this. So there in that car that night, I told myself, "I have to bury it so deep and so far down that no one ever finds it." That really was the fuel, the catalyst, that kept my fire burning long after that.

I can't say that I believed marriage would save me, but I tried to live in this naive little world. Did my wife fulfill me? No, she didn't. I honestly don't think that she could've.

• • •

Amy

I WOULD BE PREDATORY. They were meat, and I was eating that night. I didn't even need to know their names. It was just the nearest available person who showed interest. I pretty much got what I wanted back then.

I would have sex with people that I normally wouldn't shake their hand. I had no respect for them. When I was in extreme arousal, my threshold for pain was different. There were times with the S&M stuff when I felt powerful, in that I could get nice guys to do things to me that they didn't want to do, things that were against their values. That was pleasurable.

So the knife became more fun, and I wanted to be cut.

You would bleed? I ask her.

Yes. My back is where I liked it.

What was the most extreme thing you coerced someone into doing to you?

I particularly remember one man crying afterward.

After being made to do what?

I don't want to say. Things that felt good at the moment. Things I'm terribly ashamed of.

Amy was popular in high school, she was a cheerleader. But none of it was enough. She developed an eating disorder, then began using cocaine to suppress her appetite. Eventually she was freebasing. At 19, she went into drug and alcohol rehab, where clinicians raised a separate concern: It was highly unusual, they said, for someone so young to have developed a taste for sadomasochistic sex. They recommended she go to Sex Addicts Anonymous meetings.

A group of us from meetings used to go out to a bar and dance. Then I became a little groupie and started dating the lead singer of the house band, who had a daughter a year younger than me. That was Richard, the father of my first child. When I broke up with him, I already had the next guy in sight and was with him when I gave birth. Scott: teardrop tattoo, Levi's, big boots. Construction worker. Yeah, it was like a porn. He was the father of my second child.

I was not a good parent. I lost my temper more than I might have, had I gotten a good night's sleep and not masturbated to porn all night. Like, "How is the sun possibly coming up right now? I just put the kids to bed."

I would leave my children with anyone who would watch them so that I could go act out with whoever I was seeing at the time. When it was time to pick them up, I would call with an excuse, or I wouldn't call at all. Finally they threatened to take my children away.

I never got into anything illegal, child pornography or anything, thank goodness. But I was aroused by snuff films. That was one of those things I would only tell my sponsor. The ones I was watching were probably fake, but I think I saw one real one. I would identify with the woman in them. It's rape. She's usually been kidnapped. They're planning on killing her.

• • •

Edward

AT TIMES, RECALLING the indignities he subjected himself to at adult bookstores, Edward laughs exactly as you might if you were telling a story about the time you drank too much in college. His laughter mixes disbelief, self-loathing, and a peculiar kind of nostalgia.

The big leap was a booth that had a hole between it and the booth next to it. Somebody came into the booth next door and motioned to me through the hole. That was the first time I realized what the holes were for. I freaked out and left.

But the next time I returned, I chose a booth with a hole in it. The other person gave me a blow job. The glory holes are just: I don't want anything to do with this person, I just want a sexual event and to be done with it. This is part of the shame: I don't want to be a creep who does this. Hello! I'm a creep who does this!

It must be flattering when someone listens attentively to your life story, no matter how grim it may be, but Edward seems to take a private enjoyment in reliving the past. It's clear that on

some level, these are happy memories for him. As far as anyone knew back then, he was "the ideal father, husband, church member, and surgeon," he says. Even now, the pleasure of describing those days seems to make him forget, temporarily, how catastrophically they ended.

On a couple of social occasions, I ran into guys I had sex with. That was terrifying. Can you imagine? You're in somebody's lovely home for a cocktail party. You're with your wife, and he's with his wife. You act like you're old friends from way back. You go into performance mode. The mask.

Performance mode: Several times during the interview, Edward's phone rings. In exactly the same courtly, affable drawl with which he has been describing anonymous sex at adult bookstores, he says, "Oh, hi. I'm in a meeting. Can I call you back?"

In 2003, I chatted online with a couple of guys who said they were 14. I agreed to meet one. I was morbidly curious. You wonder if this is a real person and, if so, what's going on that a 14-year-old wants to do this. So I arranged to meet this person. He supposedly lived nearby. I drove out and parked. Nobody showed up, and I left.

That was a Thursday, and mid-afternoon Friday at the clinic, somebody came and said someone had bumped my car in the parking lot; could I please come out there? I walked out the back door of the building, and it was an FBI agent. They already had all my chat logs. They had pictures of me. There was no denying it. I resigned on the spot.

My daughter found out right away. It was like, "So this is who you are." She didn't talk to me for ten years. I was so devastated and so terrified of publicity that I agreed to plead guilty, which I should not have, in retrospect. The FBI seized all my computers and went through them, and they found nothing that indicated child pornography. The case hinged on intent, not an act. I was charged with solicitation of a minor, and I spent a year in federal prison.

My wife filed for divorce, and I granted it, no contest. I gave her 80 percent of everything I had. Now I wish I'd not done it, because she got remarried to a bad guy, a con artist who apparently preyed on well-to-do women, and he basically stole about half a million dollars from her. It's just a family fiasco. Occasionally I get really depressed that I caused it all.

I've never been sexually attracted to children. But let's say a 14-year-old had showed up that day, and he was a cute kid, and he was relatively mature for his age... I cannot honestly say that I would not have pursued it further. I mean, I'm a sex addict. There's very few things that I could say, I would not do that, period, ever.

• • •

III. TREATMENT

IN 2010, A GROUP led by Harvard psychiatrist Martin Kafka pushed hard for the inclusion of hypersexual disorder in the *DSM*, the bible of psychiatric diagnoses, which was about to be updated for the first time in two decades. Kafka's pitch cited epidemiological data and case studies from nearly 250 books and journal articles, including twenty he had co-authored. But by his own admission, knowledge about the condition still had "significant gaps and shortcomings." The *DSM* task force flatly rejected Kafka's proposal. (Meanwhile, they did see fit to approve fifteen new diagnoses, including skin-picking disorder.)

"There may have been political reasons for this," says Kafka today. In particular, there was reluctance to equate any kind of consensual sexual behavior with mental illness. (The psychiatric establishment had been through this before: Its long-standing classification of homosexuality as a mental disorder—rescinded only in 1973—caused incalculable harm to gay people and badly damaged the field's reputation.) There was also some concern that an official diagnosis might provide a kind of loophole for people accused of sex crimes. Says Kafka: "The difference between where is normal and where is abnormal: Where do you draw that line? How do you draw a line like that?"

The consequences of exclusion from the *DSM* were enormous: Inclusion would have meant that health-insurance companies might cover the costs of treatment; that the government, which has provided virtually no money for sex-addiction research, might take an interest in it; that pharmaceutical companies might try to develop medications for it. The study of sex addiction is caught in its own vicious cycle: no funding, no research; no *DSM* diagnosis, no funding.

To fill the treatment void, experienced therapists endorse a combination of one-on-one therapy, medication (usually antidepressants), and a twelve-step program, the last of which seems to provide practical coping strategies and relief from shame. There's no data whatsoever on the effectiveness of residential rehabs, where treatment can cost tens of thousands of dollars.

When a sex addict is married, recovery becomes more complicated by orders of magnitude. Some therapists will guide couples through a process known as disclosure: a controlled accounting by the sex addict, for the partner, of all the secretive behaviors he or she has ever engaged in. It's not uncommon for sex addicts to take a polygraph test at their partner's insistence, says Jenner Bishop, an Oakland sex-addiction therapist. The goal is to re-establish trust and to teach the addict how to have sex that isn't compulsive and selfish. "The partner has to have a lot of their hypervigilance and trauma soothed," says Bishop. "The irony is, it's by someone who's typically too narcissistic to come up with the empathy to do it."

How often does a marriage survive sex addiction? Not very often, you'd think. Says Kafka, "A lot of these relationships end up either taking a very long time to recover—like, years—or never do."

• • •

Jacob

JACOB CONTEMPLATED killing himself, but never stopped going to church. One day, the pastor delivered a sermon on guilt and shame. Guilt: I have done bad things. Shame: I am bad. The sermon, Jacob says, "just broke me."

I'd look at myself in the mirror and think, "What a piece of trash. My face is a lie. Everything about me is a lie." I spent the rest of the month kicking and screaming against what I had to do.

We sat on the couch, and I told Ashley everything I could think of. She was actually glad that I had told her rather than her finding it. She said she didn't know what she was going to do. She was concerned that I might be gay. I told her I would be honest about it if I were attracted to men. I've always felt it was about the power dynamic, about being desired.

Ashley was furious with him, Jacob says, but she has expressed those feelings only in therapy sessions or in her journal. Why does Ashley need to go to a twelve-step group? I ask. "Ashley got hit by a truck. I was the driver," Jacob says, a bit automatically. "She's getting help so she'll never get hit by a truck again." The agreement is that if he ever acts out with another person, she leaves.

We decided that we needed to take a break from having sex until we know if this can even be stopped or controlled. The crux of my life is: How do you transition from a point where it's all about me? That's what I want to be. I want to be an authentic guy.

Most nights, Jacob and Ashley see each other for an hour or so. At the suggestion of their therapists, they do a "daily share" in which they affirm something they appreciate about the other, recount an event from their day, make a request, and describe what's generally on their minds. It can seem as though they're spending so much time repairing their relationship that they no longer really have one.

For Ashley, these trials are a test of her faith—in God and in Jacob. She trusts that her faith will be rewarded. She and Jacob have no children, no money, no valuable material possessions. They have this.*

• • •

Amy

DURING THE TWO hours that Amy and I have been talking, her two dogs, a graying Lab and a gentle German shepherd, have not stopped pressing us to pet them.

I once did something sexual with a dog. I just remember holding it, it trying to get away, and having that control of it against its will. I thought I'd go to the grave with this behavior. I'm terribly ashamed of it. Now I say it at meetings, just because other people have done it, and I want them to know they're not alone. Obviously I have made my amends to animals.

Amy scrutinizes her sons' behavior for any sign that they might be like her. When she caught them masturbating as teenagers, as mothers are apt to do, she tried to check her anxiety. "This is absolutely normal," she told them, before blurting out, "My fear is that you're not going to be able to stop!" Sometimes she discovered porn magazines in their rooms.

When I found [my son's] porn, I friggin' lost it. One, I'm in recovery, and I can't have porn in my house. Two, I'm terrified he's going to get addicted. So I would destroy it over and over. I know that he knows if he's got a problem, there's a solution. I do the health fairs where I sit at a table: SEX ADDICTS ANONYMOUS. I'm sure that's embarrassing, to have your mom do that, but I'm the mom who does that.

I met Patrick in SAA, and I've been with him for two and a half years. We are in a loving relationship. We pray before we start having sex, or check in. Because either of us can go off into fantasy. Like, in my head I'm in a porn.

I used to say that addictive sex is like fireworks, and healthy sex is like sparklers. It just burns less brightly. It's not really what I want, but it's the best thing for me.

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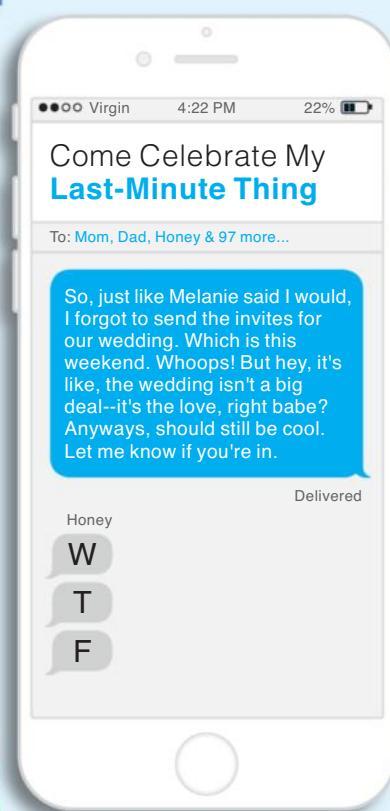
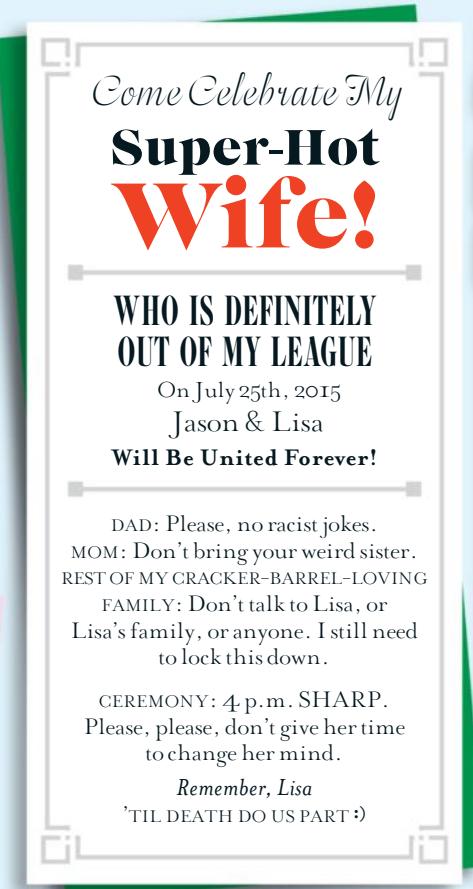
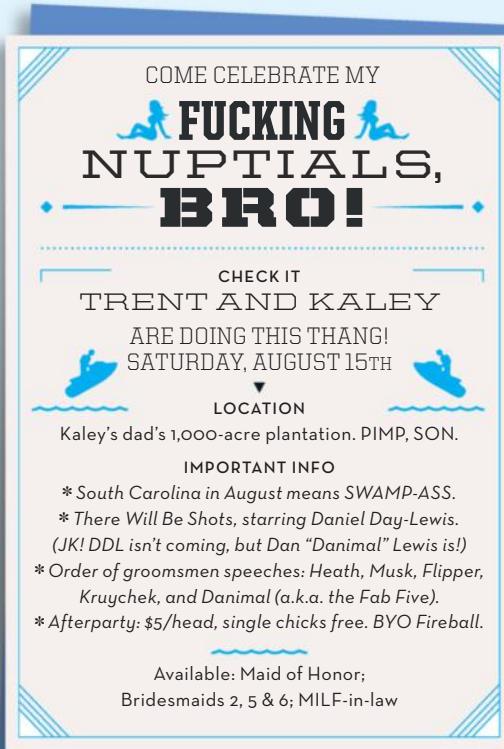
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*In the time since this story was originally reported, Jacob and Ashley have gotten divorced, and Amy and Patrick have gotten married.

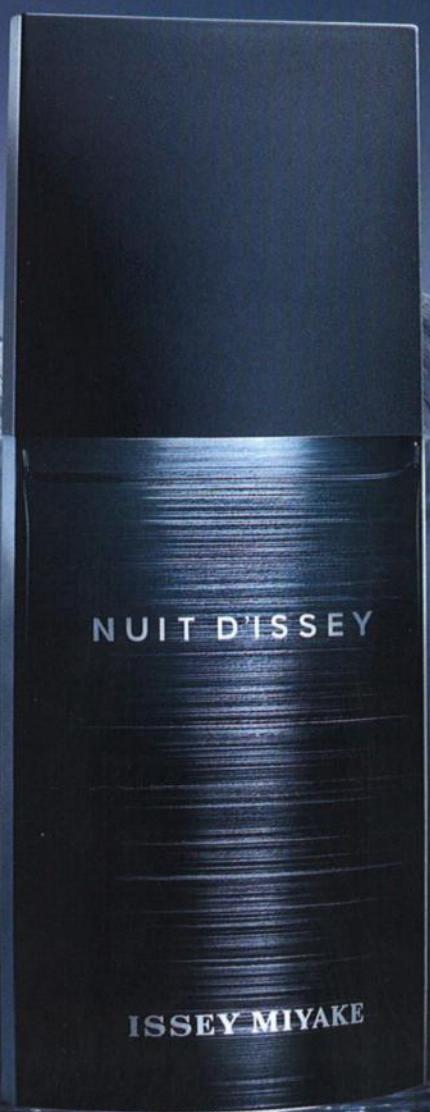
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